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The Week

REPORTS from Washington indicate that President Coolidge intends to make another effort to get the United States into the World Court, before his term of office expires on the fourth of next March. Inspired, no doubt, by the fact that Mr. Hughes is now a judge of that court, and by the obvious necessity, if the Kellogg Pact should be ratified, of having some sort of international tribunal to which the United States can submit the disputes about which it has agreed not to go to war, he proposes to take up with the foreign powers the question of a possible compromise which will break the present deadlock. It will be remembered that the Senate, when it voted for adherence to the World Court, attached five reservations. Four of these were comparatively unimportant, but the fifth said that the court must not, without our consent, "entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest." To this phraseology there was such grave objection by the other powers that the whole question of American adherence has been dropped. There is no reason to believe that these powers have since changed their minds; and it is also extremely unlikely that the Senate could be induced at the coming short session to modify or withdraw its reservation.

WHILE the New Republic would like to see the United States enter the World Court, it believes that it would be a mistake for President Coolidge to seek to crowd the matter through at the coming short session. The necessary negotiations with the foreign powers will be both difficult and lengthy, and it is unlikely that they could be brought anywhere near a conclusion before Congress adjourns on March 4. Even if this were possible, with the Boulder Dam bill, the appropriation measures, the Kellogg Treaty, farm relief and the cruiser bill on its hands, Congress has all and more than it can accomplish in ninety days. While our absence from the court is regrettable, it would be better to add a few months more to our seven years of abstention, rather than to risk imperilling the enterprise still more gravely, by an attempt to obtain hasty action. Mr. Coolidge's desire to go out in a blaze of glory is natural and commendable; but in this case it would be wiser to let Mr. Hoover see what he can do with the new Congress, over which he will exercise a much increased degree of control.

IT CANNOT be too strongly emphasized that the naval disagreement between the United States and Great Britain is not a quarrel over cruisers but over the freedom of the seas. The British Admiralty contemplates future conflicts in which England will be a participant, and will wish to control neutral shipping as she did in the Great War, in order to starve out the enemy. The American Government expects to be a neutral, and wants the right to ship non-contraband cargoes when and where we please. It is clear that there can be no effective limitation of naval armament until this impasse is surmounted. A concrete suggestion for this purpose has just been made, and deserves consideration. It is put forward by Mr. Charles P. Howland in his book, "Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1928," (The Yale University Press). Mr. Howland, a distinguished American attorney and a leading spirit in the For-

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eign Policy Association and the Council on Foreign Relations, suggests a compromise which would mean some sacrifice by both sides. He distinguishes between "private wars," of the old familiar variety, and "public wars," undertaken through the League, the Locarno treaties or some similar agency. In the case of a private war, he suggests that the powers agree not to interfere with non-contraband neutral commerce. In case of a public war, they should agree temporarily to surrender "the traditional rights of neutral trade." The first proposal would mean a sacrifice by Great Britain, and the second, one by the United States, but Mr. Howland believes that both are within the scope of political possibility.

IF WE look at the matter realistically, we must recognize that no agreement made in advance of a war, as to conduct during a war, has very much force. We learned ten years ago that any nation will break its most solemn pledges if that is necessary to win. The advantage of such an agreement as Mr. Howland proposes would result, not from its application in war time, but in its effect upon naval competition in times of peace. It would make it far more difficult for the big-navy advocates to demand building in pursuit of a highly hypothetical ideal of "parity"; it would deflate the notions, on both sides of the Atlantic, as to the size of the fleet which is "necessary." It offers a line of approach to this most difficult problem which certainly ought not to be passed by without the fullest exploration.

THE organization of a protective tariff league by certain unions which believe their members are affected by foreign competition is an interesting development in the tendency of labor to accept uncritically the ideas passed on to it by business interests, and to think of immediate gains without regard to broad labor policy. We have little doubt that employment in some industries suffers from increasing sales of foreign goods in this country. But the figures presented by this labor league scarcely furnish convincing proof that too low a tariff is at fault, or that they would benefit from higher duties. Is there a difference in price between the American product and the foreign, or is the foreign purchased because of its quality and appeal? If there is a difference in price, is it due to differences in production cost? If so, could production cost here be reduced by more efficient methods? Or is the high cost of the American product attributable, perhaps, not so much to American wages as to the high cost of the material, which in turn arises from too high a tariff? If the price of the domestic article should be raised by protection, would the public buy as much of it? Assuming that all these questions were answered in such a way as to show that the interests of these particular workmen would really be advanced by higher duties, what about the interests of the workmen employed in industries that cannot be protected, like railroads, building and coal, or in industries whose expansion depends on their ability to sell cheaply abroad, and hence are more harmed than helped by the protective system? We can imagine nothing better calculated to split the labor movement than a division of unions on the basis of real understanding of their immediate interests in low or high duties.

TARIFF truths have a habit of being obscured if we look at them solely from one side of a national boundary. It was pointed out during the campaign that the increase in the wheat tariff had reduced the import of Canadian wheat, and the inference was drawn that our farmers had benefitted. But the Manitoba Free Press points out that the Canadian wheat denied entry to the United States must go elsewhere for a market. It goes, of course, mainly to Europe, where it helps to depress the world price, on which American wheat exporters depend. It is also true that the Canadian agricultural regions form one of the best markets for industrial producers in the United States, whose employees, in turn, buy farm products grown in this country as well as elsewhere. What is to be gained by impeding this triangular exchange? If it is wise for the United States to bar out Canadian farm products, it would have been equally wise for the Eastern Seaboard States in this country years ago to bar out competition from the agricultural production of the new West, thus protecting the farmers of the East. Indeed, this logic leads us to the absurd conclusion that the United States would be more prosperous today if it were not the United States, but an array of thirty or forty little countries, each surrounded by its big tariff wall.

BOSTON continues to run true to form. It has just refused to permit the production of "Gods of the Lightning," the striking play by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, based upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Mr. Hamilton MacFadden, the producer, not wishing to risk running foul of the law after he had spent time and money in moving the play from New York to Boston, submitted the manuscript in advance to the city officials. Under date of November 19, Frank S. Deland, Corporation Counsel, wrote a letter to John M. Casey, Chief of the City Licensing Division, which the latter transmitted to Mr. MacFadden as the official verdict of the city government on the play. It said:

> Unless changes are made in the various passages of the manuscript wherein the name of the Lord is used in such a manner as to be obnoxious to any one, whether he be believer or otherwise, and which in many instances borders on the blasphemous, you would in duty be bound to recommend to the statutory board or officials who pass upon the suspension of theater licenses that the license of any theater which allows this performance to be shown in this city be revoked if such passages were allowed to remain after a first performance in this city.
>
> There are also many passages in this manuscript

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that are so condemnatory of our government, its form, its practices and its officials, both national and state, that it would require but a little stretch of the imagination to term them anarchistic and treasonable. The whole play, it seems to me, is an attempt, while depicting the recent trial of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, to bring into disrepute our judicial system and our judicial officers, especially those officials who participated in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. It is unfair to them and only tends to hold them up to ridicule and to unfairness. It is in reality a dishonest attack upon our courts and our judicial system. I do not believe it is worthy of a place on any American stage, more especially a Boston stage. In my opinion the producers should be notified that their play does not meet with your favor and probably will not meet with the favor of the statutory board on licenses in this city.

WE SHALL not pretend a surprise over Mr. Deland's letter that we do not feel. In the main it is just what was to be expected from a Boston official, and we are aware of no evidence that the attitude it expresses is not satisfactory to a majority of the citizens of that community, however violently it may distress a minority. This letter raises, however, one interesting point. The "anarchistic and treasonable" passages to which the Corporation Counsel refers are uttered by characters in the play; these characters are extreme radicals in whose mouths such statements are as natural as they are necessary to the working out of the story. Mr. Deland's ruling means that any author who expects his work to be put before the Boston public must either leave radical thinkers out of his cast of characters, or must prettify their speech out of all recognition. These alternatives may be hard on art; but what is art between Bostonians? More fundamental is the question whether the Massachusetts idea of good government has sunk so low that an attack upon our courts and our judicial system must be denied expression by official censors. Or are we to rely upon the judgment of the official to discriminate between "honest" and, therefore, allowable attacks, and "dishonest" ones?

THE MOST interesting news to come from Japan in many a day is that the government of that country is now seriously considering the relation of birth control to population growth and food supply. There is an official Commission on Population and Food, which met not long ago at the official residence of the Premier and considered what ought to be the official attitude of the government toward birth control and eugenics. As sometimes happens with committees in the occidental world, this one was unable to come to any agreement and referred the problem to a subcommittee which was instructed to make a careful study and report its findings. Among the subjects with which this subcommittee is now wrestling are these:

1. Should birth control be advocated as a solution to the nation's population problem?

2. Is it advisable to limit by legal procedure the discussion or the propagation of information on eugenics?

3. Is it not advisable to exercise police supervision over the present so-called information offices on birth control, and over the chemicals and instruments sold by various drug stores and other places for contraception, apart from the question as to whether or not birth control is advisable from the national standpoint?

OVERPOPULATION is a more serious menace to Japan just now than to any other country in the world. Her 60,000,000 inhabitants are crowded into a country not much larger than Montana, five-sixths of which consists of non-arable soil. Modern science has reduced her death-rate while her birth-rate still continues very large, the result being an annual increment of nearly a million, at the highest rate per 1,000 of population found in any civilized country. The greater part of her people live under conditions of utter poverty, and the outlook seems to be that these will grow. Emigration is no answer; contrary to the opinion of Californians, the Japanese dislike to emigrate and will only do so in large numbers if they can go to a country which, in climate and general conditions, rather closely resembles Japan. There are no such countries which will permit immigration in sufficient numbers to have any effect on the situation at home; as soon as the Japanese arrivals become sufficiently numerous to offer serious competition with the natives, the bars are sure to go up. Under these circumstances, the only possible solution is voluntary restriction of population growth through birth control. But to this there have in the past been three strong obstacles: religious opposition, the Japanese tradition in favor of large families, and the hostility of the government which, like Germany in the days of the Kaiser, has wanted plenty of strong sons for soldiers. It will take many years, no doubt, to overcome the first two of these factors, but there is no alternative. Withdrawal of the government's opposition is a necessary first step, and therefore the fact that an official commission is now seriously studying the subject is a fact which may prove to be of the most profound significance.

ONE of the bills before the next Congress which is likely to attract the most attention from labor and liberals is the Shipstead-La Guardia anti-injunction measure, probably much modified in committee to meet the views of legal authorities. The campaign has shed little light on this issue. The Republican platform declared in general terms that the abuse of the injunction demanded consideration. The Democratic platform, in slightly less general terms, promised to remedy the abuse. Mr. Hoover did not mention the subject; Mr. Smith did so, but did not specify what sort of remedy he favored. We doubt if Mr. Hoover is much interested in the matter; Mr. Smith's failure to specify was probably due to the fact that many labor leaders demand

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legislation completely forbidding the use of the injunction in labor disputes, while legal authorities point out that such a law would certainly be upset by the courts. The Socialist candidate apparently took the extreme position in the matter, knowing that by no chance would he be called upon to make good on legislation which, while meeting labor's views, would go the way of the injunction provisions of the Clayton Act—that is, repeal by judicial interpretation.

Unemployment and National Planning

THE inaction of the past administration in economic projects affecting the welfare of the people has seldom been better revealed than by the extensive publicity and comment given to Mr. Hoover's intention, announced to the annual meeting of governors through Governor Brewster of Maine, to promote industrial stability and relieve unemployment crises by accumulating a reserve of funds for public construction. The news stories, and most of the comment, read as if this were a brand-new idea sprung full-armored from the engineering brain. Yet there was not an iota of genuine news interest in the idea itself. It had been proposed years ago by economists; it was one of the recommendations of the President's Conference on Unemployment in 1922; it had been embodied in a bill introduced into Congress session after session, without result, by Senator Jones; Senator Wagner of New York argued for it last year and prepared a bill of his own to further it; organizations like the American Association for Labor Legislation and even the American Federation of Labor have steadfastly attempted, without success, to arouse public and official interest in it. The news value of the incident was clearly not attributable to any novelty in the idea, it arose merely from the fact that at last a President actually seemed about to commit himself to a measure of economic amelioration.

This is, indeed, an occasion for rejoicing, but before the joy becomes exuberant it may be well to wait for the concrete embodiment of the idea. It will require carefully drafted legislation, and really expert administration, before it can be effective. The executive cannot, within his own authority, do much either to retard or to hurry construction projects. If the proposal is merely to wait until depression and unemployment are visible, and then to call for increased appropriations from Congress, the depression may well be over before Congress meets, the appropriation bills are passed, the plans are drafted, the bids are received, and the work is actually started. It would be necessary to secure from Congress advance appropriations for much more construction work than is immediately necessary. The authority to spend the money made available by these appropriations would have to extend over several years, instead of merely for one, as is now customary. The projects authorized in advance, while not of the sort needed at once, ought to be useful; they ought to add to the real wealth of the country rather than being mere devices to get rid of public funds. This implies a far-seeing construction program.

Such a program cannot well be an accident, a resultant of miscellaneous demands from the various departments and bureaus, or from the constituencies of the several Congressmen and Senators. In order to formulate it, there ought to be a Board of National Development—a body of engineers and economists who could lay out for years ahead a tentative program of useful public works, embracing in its range buildings, roads, river and harbor improvements, flood control, power projects, reclamation developments, forest and park enlargements, and all the other capital expenditures of government. When such a program of expenditures is found advisable for a city, the use of public funds cannot be considered alone. The probable and the advisable future growth of the city are considered; its industries, its housing, its means of transportation, its terminals, its recreation facilities and all the other components of its common life are studied in order to draw up a city plan which may gradually be worked out with a view to the needs of the future. Is it too much to hope that the legislation for a national construction reserve will carry with it an agency to develop a nation plan?

Once the plan is worked out, and the money appropriated in advance, the task is only begun. Then comes the duty of deciding which project to take up next, when to hasten expenditures and when to retard them. Even a man with the best conceivable judgment could not make such decisions wisely except on the basis of accurate, prompt and detailed statistical information concerning economic conditions. Such information is already available concerning certain aspects of business, but it is notoriously lacking concerning others, and in no field is it more scanty than in regard to the volume, nature and localities of unemployment. Experts are agreed that the only sure way to obtain good figures on unemployment is through the establishment, under Federal coördination, of a nation-wide system of free, public employment exchanges, at which those looking for jobs would register. This must be an integral part of any comprehensive plan to relieve the jobless. It is ironical that the American Engineering Council the other day approved the construction reserve idea, but rejected this, as well as other plans, for obtaining current information. We shall wait with interest to see whether this sort of inanity characterizes the thinking of the engineering profession as a whole, and of Mr. Hoover, on the subject.

So far, we have assumed that the funds with which to carry on the construction work would

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come, as is customary with such appropriations of the United States government, out of revenues from taxation. But Governor Brewster's recommendation was immediately derived from the ideas of Messrs. Foster and Catchings, as expounded in their books "Profits" and "Business Without a Buyer." It is an essential part of the theory of these writers that depressions are caused by savings, and can be relieved only by expanding the purchasing power of consumers out of credit resources. If this conclusion is sound, the proper way in which to finance increases of public construction designed to avoid unemployment would be from government borrowings rather than from taxation. Taxation would be utilized rather to retire the government indebtedness during periods of prosperity. Whether the theory is sound or not, it is easy to see that there are likely to be periods when large expansion of construction is advisable though cash balances are not at hand in the Treasury to finance them, and when increase of tax rates is not possible or would be too long delayed in its effect to be of much use. The whole idea of flexibility in construction activity, used as a balance wheel in the national economy, would probably be unworkable to any great extent, without resort to credit instruments. Now that the expenses of the Federal government are steadily increasing again, while taxes have been drastically cut, we are likely to face the constant possibility of a deficit, without any large addition to public construction. How then, is a construction reserve of anything like the $3,000,000,000 mentioned by Mr. Brewster to be built up without a program of increased tax rates which would be immensely unpopular and might defeat the whole project? Clearly, Congress should give to the agency in charge of the matter the authority, in conjunction with the Treasury, to issue bonds up to a specified amount, when and if they find such issues advisable. And it should make provision for the retirement of such issues in prosperous years when construction would be delayed and tax yields would grow.

The more one examines the project in detail, the more it becomes apparent that what we really must have is not merely an occasional doling out of construction work when it appears to be needed, but an agency of social control which looks forward to the material progress of the nation, plans it intelligently, and regulates the investment of capital, so far as the government can do so. This is entirely logical, for depressions and unemployment undoubtedly arise, in general, from lack of plan and from the spasmodic and haphazard activities of private enterprise. An agency operating in behalf of the whole public which knew where it was going, which could expand or restrict a large enough group of capital expenditures to counterbalance the rhythm of private investments, and which could tap at will either the surplus cash or the credit resources of the nation in order to do so, might indeed aspire to go far in neutralizing the business cycle.

The Future of the Kellogg Pact

THE prospects for the Kellogg treaty appear to be brighter than they were a week or two ago. The harm done by Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech and its European repercussion, while serious enough, has not been fatal. The bargain between the big-navy group and the supporters of the treaty still stands: the former have agreed to vote for peace and the latter for war. It is a bargain obnoxious enough, though history may decide that fifteen cruisers was a small price to pay for an instrument which repudiated war. Despite the congestion in the short session of Congress, the chances seem to be fair that the treaty will be ratified.

If the United States ratifies, the other chief powers will in all probability do the same. Europe, remembering the lesson it learned in 1920 from the Treaty of Versailles, is waiting to see whether we will again abandon our own child on our own doorstep, and most of the powers will take no action until we have led the way. Latin America, with the exception of Bolivia, Cuba, Colombia and Peru, is playing the same game. The "A B C" powers do not propose to tie themselves to the document until they learn, first, whether our actions under the Monroe Doctrine will be kept outside the treaty, as they expect, and second, what attitude we shall display toward conciliation and arbitration in the Pan-American conference which begins in Washington on December 10. At the same time, the Latins are highly sympathetic toward the underlying idea of the treaty.

It is none too soon, therefore, to seek to envisage the changes which will be created when the treaty has come into force. If it be examined with a hostile eye, it is seen to be technically one of the weakest and vaguest international instruments ever executed. Mr. Kellogg has insisted that it does not prohibit defensive warfare; but all wars are invariably claimed to be defensive by each participant. It renounces the use of war "as an instrument of national policy," but whatever may be the facts, this is also something of which no nation will admit that it has been guilty. The treaty, by inference, condemns an aggressor nation, but it does not define aggression, nor suggest any machinery by which the facts shall be examined and judgment passed. Indeed, Mr. Kellogg has carefully explained that the only bar before which he thinks a nation should be brought is that of public opinion. But it is unlikely, in the absence of any machinery, that public opinion could be brought into play until it is too late; and in the light of what we know nowadays about the means for creating false opinion, there is no guarantee that this verdict of the peoples will be correct even when it is reached. The British reservation is a gaping hole in the treaty's net; and our own Monroe Doctrine is likely to prove another. What, for instance, is to be said of our landing troops and

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taking possession of a country, as we have done in Haiti and Nicaragua? To us, this is not war; it is merely the exercise of police power "for the protection of foreign lives and property"; but Latin America might easily take a different view of it, and assert that we had violated the treaty.

It is clear, then, that the treaty will be useful, not in any technical and legal sense, but for its general effect upon the moral tone of international relations. Like the League, it will not be strong enough to stop any war between two important powers; it will only be useful in helping to prevent the beginning of hostilities. In this latter role, however, it may easily prove to be of the greatest possible value. For the first time in history, the voice of the jingo will be muffled. Always, in the past, he has been able to set up his shrill, hysterical cry without serious opposition; indeed, anyone who sought to say anything else, in a time of international tension, could be silenced, and usually has been, by the cry of "Traitor!" Whether there is trouble in prospect or not, the militarist who wants his country to possess the biggest army and navy in the world will find that the treaty's terms put him under some embarrassment. No doubt he will surmount it; the sort of person who undertakes this sort of propaganda is usually an insensitive soul in the first place; but at least, his opponents will for the first time be able to support their position by an appeal to the solemnly pledged honor of their country.

The treaty will have value for another reason, which applies to the United States in particular. It will make the necessity for some alternative to the war system so apparent, that it will drive us into efforts toward conciliation and arbitration at a much faster pace than we should voluntarily assume. The changed attitude toward the World Court evinced by President Coolidge and some other persons, is probably a first fruit of the treaty. Despite Mr. Kellogg's explicit disavowal of the possibility, it seems certain that it will bring us to some sort of *modus operandi* with the League in case of a boycott by that body, directed toward a nation deemed guilty, under the Covenant, of aggressive warfare.

The changes which the treaty will bring about in the moral landscape are quite as apparent to its enemies as to its friends; and we may expect a vigorous attempt to prevent ratification. The Chicago "Tribune," a paper of large influence in the Middle West, is already conducting such a fight; this journal, and its allies, the New York "Daily News" and "Liberty" reach 4,000,000 persons and have a power which should not be taken lightly. Those who believe the treaty should be ratified would do well to follow the example of the nine great national organizations of women which have combined in the several Conferences on the Cause and Cure of War, and campaign aggressively on its behalf. Even if the treaty were of negligible value, failure to adopt it would have an effect upon world opinion, and upon the future of anti-war efforts, which would spell disaster for a generation.

Whither New England?

A FEW years ago, if one felt like worrying over some section of the United States, one was likely to select the South. There were obvious reasons for this—the Civil War, reconstruction, the race question, the poor white, the hookworm, bad roads and a number of Senators and Congressmen. But the South has lately been showing distinct signs of coming out of its long slump. It still retains a Congressional delegation in which flaws could be picked, but the Civil War and its aftermath are receding into history and the other details mentioned are improving. The chronic worrier, therefore, has been more and more inclined to turn his attention to New England. The old stock, he feels, has been heavily depleted, first, by immigration to the West, which has weeded out the energetic and venturesome, second by the annoying failure of the remaining natives to bear and rear large families of children. French-Canadians, Irish Catholics, Portuguese, Italians and others with no reverence for Jonathan Edwards and little respect for the Lowells and the Cabots, have come to work in the factories and till the abandoned farms. They have even dared to prosper.

At the same time, the commercial and industrial prosperity of the region has seemed to waver. We say seemed, because without a more complete economic survey than has yet been made, it is difficult for even a pessimist to say that New England is definitely going down hill. The textile manufacturers have undeniably had a hard time, though in certain branches they continue to make money. Textile workers in New Bedford and elsewhere have endured strikes, wage cuts and involuntary unemployment. The boot and shoe industry has been in a bad way, though during the past three years it has shown signs of recovery. The port of Boston has been hurt by what its citizens regard as unfair freight rates. There has been some migration of capital to other sections, notably of textile properties to North Carolina. Yet the situation would not appear so melancholy if it did not present such a contrast with the glorious past. Two or three generations ago New England was unquestionably the source of much of the nation's mental and spiritual energy. There is no need to labor the point—it is a commonplace. The New England conscience and the New England business acumen —somehow the two rarely found difficulty in mutually reconciling themselves—were proverbial. Now the conscience expresses itself in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and in the Boston book censorship, and the business acumen, at least as exemplified in New Bedford, can think of no better scheme for protecting its profits than clipping pennies from a wage that is already below the American standard.

Sadder yet, New England has lost some of its splendid arrogance. It is true that the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy, in its main outlines, might have oc-

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curred in California, in Washington, or in Kansas. But there was also something pathological in the defensive reaction aroused in conservative New England breasts by the bitter and certainly not unjustified criticisms of New England justice which the trial and execution of these two Italians brought forth. Behind cruelty there is always fear. The old governing classes of New England were, and are, afraid—not of violent revolution, for even a badly rattled Massachusetts governor could hardly have expected that, but of the slow seeping away of their own power. New England has been dominated to a surprising extent by a small self-perpetuating group of investors. This group fell heir to a distinguished tradition. It still produces individuals who are public-spirited in non-controversial matters. Occasionally it buds forth a scholar or an author of respectable abilities. Its bankers and merchants are frequently sufficiently shrewd. It still has a tight enough hold to exercise a veto respecting most of the fundamentally important things that are done in its bailiwick. It still produces children, though not in the former quantities. But it is, individually and collectively, inelastic and unimaginative.

Within twenty-five years the whole face of America has changed. The technique of business as well as of science and industry has been revolutionized. There is a new national psychology. Americans have grown noisier, livelier, more restless, less reverent (Mr. Hoover's pious majority to the contrary notwithstanding), fonder of new sensations. But the ruling caste in New England has remained substantially the same, in manner, method and outlook, that it was at the beginning of the century. It is bewildered by what is going on around it, but it is firm. And this, rather than adverse freight rates, the competition of Carolina cotton mills, or the depletion of the native stock, is what is the matter with New England.

The fact that something is wrong has been widely admitted and discussed along the northeastern seaboard for a number of years past, and remedial measures are being suggested. Thus we find the fourth annual New England conference, meeting at Portland, responding with enthusiasm to what is described as the " 'New England Sales Plan,' to revitalize the six northeastern States." The first step would be the familiar one for a region with an interesting history and much natural beauty—to offer inducements to visitors and prospective residents. The second would be "to create good-will for New England products." The third would be "to promote industrial development by expansion and attracting new industries." The fourth would be "to inform and inspire New England interests to sell themselves and New England." There would be publicity designed to show that "New England is a good place to live in and makes quality products." Those who have seen what can be done with Listerine, yeast, Old Gold cigarettes and Ed Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, not to mention Florida, the Ku Klux Klan, prohibition and Southern California, will not be too skeptical. If New England advertises it will make a profit. Its tourist traffic is already growing. Nor is there any question that New England industry will prosper, in many instances, if it devotes itself to the manufacture of finer and more specialized types of goods. Though coal has to be hauled in from Pennsylvania and West Virginia, there is still a large amount of undeveloped water-power. New England fruit and grain cannot compete in the national markets with those from the Middle West and Far West, but the six states could feed themselves in greater measure than they are now doing.

But it is doubtful that any economic reforms will be more than palliative until there is a fundamental change in the habit of mind of the dominant group, or until power passes from that group to another more imaginative and more adaptable. Indeed, we may feel sure that there will be no sweeping economic reforms until this has happened. On the whole, it seems reasonable to suppose that what New England needs is new blood, not in the masses of its population, for the new blood is already there, but in the veins of those who sit in power. At the moment it is a kind of economic frontier, highly developed according to the older notions but underdeveloped according to those which have sprung up since the turn of the century. It awaits large-scale production, modern marketing methods, and a more efficient and humane use of its own supply of intelligent and dependable labor. The pinch-penny virtues will no longer carry it along the road to success. It must think in larger and more generous terms. There is not much evidence that the caste to which Governor Fuller belongs, or at least owes allegiance, is beginning to do this. The vote cast in Massachusetts and Rhode Island for Governor Smith perhaps was more to the point. There is discontent, and where there is discontent, there is likely to be growth and change. Out of the seaboard cities may some day soon arise a new spirit of New England as virile and productive as the old once was.

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The Future in Mexico

The Struggle for Power, and the Probable Outcome

THE unanimous election by the Mexican Congress of Emilio Portes Gil as President until February 5, 1930, inaugurated an important shift in political control, and is likely to precipitate at the ensuing elections, in November, 1929, a definite regional division. This may or may not result in armed conflict. Portes Gil, though having definite personality and following, represents a compromise between the various contending forces emerging on the Mexican horizon. He is a coalition choice, though closely identified with the Calles policies.

Various factors entered into his election. He had to be acceptable to the bulk of the Obregon party. He had to be a man who would not continue the Obregon drive against the followers of Calles, and especially, Luis N. Morones and the Labor party. He had to please both the North and the South—for today these represent distinct political and social tendencies. He had to have agrarian affiliations. He had to be identified with "The Revolution," and he had to be acceptable to the strongest army chiefs. No man in public life fits this difficult description so well as Portes Gil.

The new Mexican President is, however, a coalition figure, and coalitions have a habit of falling apart. The choice of Gil represents a radical shift by Calles. It means that he has definitely turned his back on the remnants of the Sonora group, which has ruled Mexico for so many years. At present there are four main groupings in the country. (1) The military elements of the North, with which are associated various important bureaucratic figures. This group is entirely *personalista, i. e.,* self-seeking; and if at a late hour it is obliged to find a program, it will probably seek it in alliances with American capital, the Church, and a modification of the land program. (2) The group of Gulf state dictators and governors, men who have become all-powerful in their native bailiwicks, but who lack national following. They are on the whole enlightened, have attempted to stimulate popular organization, and have carried out locally the constructive aspects of the Calles regime, such as road-building, education, irrigation work, etc. (3) There is a distinct tendency on the part of the labor and peasant elements to form a new coalition apart from the Crom and the Labor party. A new national labor Confederation is in the throes of being born, into which will be drawn some of the state organizations already mentioned, and the radical peasants. (4) There is Calles, at this moment the only centralizing pivot in the country. He has announced his intention to form the new National Revolutionary party, to embrace all the factions growing out of the revolution, and incidentally to steam-roller recalcitrant remnants of Obregonism. It is doubtful whether he will succeed. He will draw with him the Mexican Labor party under Morones; and he has the numerous threads of political and military power which have concentrated in his hand as a result of occupying the presidency for four years and of being, next to Obregon, the outstanding figure of the "Revindicating Movement," and hence the inheritor of much of the following of Obregon himself. But he has the disadvantage of being in an intermediary role in a moment when the test will be between extremes.

Calles' influence and astuteness may prevent the forthcoming elections from taking a sanguinary turn. He is the only one who can bridge the division, which has become not merely social, but geographical, between North and South, the only one who can hold in check the northern militarists. The North has always won, because of its proximity to the United States, and because it has developed a type of aggressive and military leadership. But the South and Center are the real Mexico, more indigenous, more truly national, more typical. Here, whatever popular organization there is in Mexico has come into being during the past fifteen years and has become established to such an extent that militarism alone can no longer entirely sway the destinies of the country. If Calles can successfully transfer power from the northern militarists, from whom he springs, to the deeper social forces of the center of the country, and thus ultimately pave the way for a peaceful succession, he will have done his country a great service.

Another organization, the destiny of which cannot as yet be foreseen, is the National Anti-Reëlection party, led by Alessio Robles, ex-Secretary of Industry, who during Obregon's administration put over the notorious Juan Felipe petroleum affair. This party, in the recent elections, supported the rebel candidates Arnulfo Gomez and Francisco Serrano, and was, as its name indicates, bitterly anti-Obregon. It unites many of the followers of past failures: henchmen of Madero, Carranza, De la Huerta, Gomez, Serrano, even followers of Diaz and Huerta. It is already at outs with Portes Gil.

All this brings us face to face with the whole problem of rule in Mexico. That problem cannot be solved by phrases of Wilsonian democracy, such as President Calles recently indulged in, but by an examination of the actual forces of social and po-

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litical control. The immediate outstanding force at present, as it has been for the better part of four hundred years, is the army. For short intervals, it has been disciplined into loyalty to the governing regime. This was accomplished by two men: by Porfirio Diaz, and again by Alvaro Obregon, aided by Calles. The army would not be likely to revolt against Calles at the present moment, but will probably divide in the near future between the older revolutionary elements and the newer, more disciplined elements, under General Amaro, built up during the past eight years.

The second factor of control is the State as distinguished from the particular regime controlling the State at any particular moment. The Mexican state is built upon Republican models borrowed from France and the United States. The 1917 constitution, in spite of its liberal code as to labor and social organization, did not change the essential structure. But if Republicanism and the threefold division of powers is the form, the content, in constant contradiction, is that of the Roman-Spanish super-state, corrupted by feudalism. The Mexican state, like the government of many other Latin-American countries, despite occasional enlightened leadership, is infused with a parasitical psychology. Business and productive activities, unless directed at first-hand by the State (thus allowing for the proper percentage of graft), are not to be promoted, protected, facilitated, but their profits are to be part of the spoils of office. Hence a thousand medieval restrictions, unknown in modern capitalistic states, are pressed into service, which can be loosened, however, by greasing the proper palms. A revolution with a feudal army and a semi-feudal state explains many of the failures of the past eighteen years in Mexico. Lenin and Mussolini, it will be remembered, found the Liberal parliamentarian state unpractical instruments during the post-revolutionary period.

The third controlling force is the nascent labor movement, largely caught up in the modern capitalistic trend, and imbued with a western European psychology. It is a factor which has modified both army and State, but, because of its psychology and the limited development of national industry, it is doomed to lose much of the importance it has had in recent years. Its gains have been achieved at the expense of the peasants, and at the expense of the expansion of both foreign and native industry, particularly native industry.

The fourth powerful factor in the Mexican situation is the peasant movement. The peasant, while not so well organized as the industrial worker, is beginning to be felt in national politics as a coherent force, and not, as previously, merely as the man with the rifle. Here, as elsewhere, all signs point to a growth in popular organization, which will ultimately curtail the strength of the mere militarist. The peasant movement has deeper roots than labor; its field is the mass of the people of Mexico. Hence its philosophy is not western European, but indigenous, with much of the peasant psychology which is akin to that of China. The peasant movement is also in a state of flux. Over 80 percent of the population of Mexico, while not pure-blooded Indian, is imbued with Indian psychology and has Indian standards of living and customs. Two million Indians in Mexico cannot speak Spanish. The *patria chica,* or the smaller patriotisms of Maya, Yaqui, Aztec, Tarascan, Zapotec, are still to be counted with. Above them are the army and the State, in which they are unable to participate directly, but in which they are ultimately a determining force.

From even this brief analysis, it becomes clear that in a country with great racial cleavages, and an illiteracy which extends to eleven or twelve million people out of a population of about fifteen million—a vast submerged class with little experience in political life, which can express its will only through the most devious channels—in such a country Wilsonian democracy is an absurdity. The government of the nation must be drawn from a minority of politically conscious elements; and the present course lies in a proper balancing of political forces—many of them, such as the army, and the regional *cacique* control, not at all democratic. Rule has been supplied in the past decade by the Sonora regime, which has camped in Chapultepec with the Yaqui hordes, a regime born of revolutionary turmoil, imbued with a social credo, eager to educate the population, anxious to expand popular control. But its heritage now seems to tend, not toward a pacific balancing of the possible minority forces of the country, but toward a cleavage, more or less defined, between the North and South. The decline of the Sonora dictatorship, or at least the attempt of Calles to shift its center and its basis, has left in its backwash unenlightened military elements likely to make new alliances with the Anti-Reëlectionists, with the clerical elements, with disgruntled peasant leaders on the one hand and the proprietors on the other. It is probable that a combination of these groups will make a last fling for power.

The situation is complicated by proximity to the United States: by the difficulty, in the face of foreign capital and diplomatic pressure, of creating a national economy, either capitalistic or otherwise. It is a struggle not merely to emerge from a colonial status, but to create a population with an economic leverage sufficient to resist military exploitation and provide a sustaining basis for a government of its choice. This cannot occur until Indianism makes itself fully felt and is recognized as a political factor, until the mass of the population has opportunities for proper living conditions and education, and until there is a better and wider outlet for native ability than the army and the State.

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico City.

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Up from Barbarism

Precocious Children and "Normal" Adults

"UP FROM BARBARISM" is the motto that should be deeply carved on every schoolroom door. At present the child measures his intellectual advancement by the grade he has reached. "I'm in Five B," he tells you complacently, believing he has told you all. It isn't fair. He has a right to know better.

He has a right to know that each individual passes through every stage of evolution, from the lowest life-form to whatever height he is capable of achieving. At birth he is in an animal state. By the time he learns to talk, he has reached the barbaric state through which childhood ought to take him. If childhood fails to take him through it and land him in the state of civilization—if education fails to educate him—he remains a barbarian. Then we ought to give him an honest yardstick by which to measure his progress up the evolutionary ascent. And here it is: *In so far as interest and attention are controlled and directed, we may regard ourselves as civilized—educated. But in so far as interest and attention are merely reactions to environment, we must acknowledge ourselves childish and primitive.*

Observe the child of two. Waking in the morning with neither guiding purpose nor sense of responsibility, he sees the woolly dog he took to bed with him, and reacts to the presence of the toy, which captures his interest and determines his conduct as effectually as an inclined plane determines the conduct of a drop of water. It absorbs him utterly. When his mother deprives him of the toy in order to dress him, there is a stormy protest. It hurts to be torn from a gripping interest, so she puts him in the grip of another interest, a process known as "diverting the child," much valued by mothers. The bath is even more interesting than the toy, and he reacts again in the normal way, stormily refusing to come out until the mother "diverts" him again, this time with the transcendent interest of self-preservation, by removing the stopper from the tub, a ruse which is instantly effective. Rather than be carried away through that mysterious and terrible hole, which has such an insatiable appetite for the contents of the tub, our small barbarian scrambles hastily out in a most primitive state of mind. Not at all does he control interest and attention; from morning till night interest and attention are seizing and controlling him.

How different the awakening of the mature man! Nothing accidental about the alarm clock, though his first reaction to it may be somewhat primitive. His responsibilities are uppermost in his mind, and he begins his day according to a very definite guiding purpose to which he gives his undivided interest and attention, deciding how long it shall be sustained in one direction, and when and to what it shall be transferred.

What is it—this faculty which enables one to direct oneself? It can be described only in terms of interest. I have no control over my conduct except as I am able to guide interest, to pull it away from that which serves me less and fix it upon that which serves me more. For interest determines not only every act, but every thought. It is the engine which drives me. If I cannot or do not learn to run it, I am childish and primitive; if it is low-powered or out of order, I am neurotic; if it is high-powered and under control, I am normal, adult and civilized.

Then, if what appears to be will-power is merely the interest that is under conscious control, what is interest? Freud calls it libido, and believes its origin to be wholly sexual; Jung also calls it libido, but defines libido as *psychic energy* with which the human soul is charged, much as the earth is charged with electric energy, and which can be converted into innumerable forms analogous to the innumerable forms into which electricity can be converted—of which the sex impulse is but one. And civilization is the product of this psychic energy—libido, love, interest, call it what you will—that has been diverted from *primitive reactions* with unconscious motives to *deliberate action,* the motives of which are fully conscious.

Thus, the more highly civilized the man, the greater the quantity of the libido available to consciousness, the more perfectly does he control the libido-flow, the more easily can he take up a new and desirable interest or drop the interest which has served its purpose. The test is his ability to change the direction of his interest to meet the ever-changing situation in which he finds himself, and to live under all circumstances a rich and zestful life.

When a man whose libido has long been flowing into his business, a ceaseless, powerful and effective current, is able to retire and turn the full force of his interest effectively into other channels, he may be regarded as a highly civilized person. Also the proficient mother who is able to turn her interest undiminished into other channels when her children no longer need her; or the woman who, having made a successful career for herself, can marry, turn domestic, and divert an undiminished flow of interest into effective home making and child train-

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ing. Such libido transformations are supreme tests which few of us have been trained to meet, but which any of us may sooner or later be obliged to attempt, with mental disintegration as the alternative of success.

Culture, happiness, and many other mistaken aims of "education" are merely the by-products of interested living, quite impossible without a full, free and powerful flow of interest into things which interest alone makes valuable—worth working for. Nothing can have the slightest value until somebody puts value into it by bestowing libido, interest, love, upon it. Even our children, most precious of all possessions, are valuable to us in exact proportion to the interest we bestow upon them. The more freely interest flows, therefore, the more valuable life becomes, the more worth living. If it ceases to flow, we value nothing and are psychologically dead.

Then to go through life without the ability to control interest is about as safe as motoring with disabled steering gear, and it seems impossible to exaggerate the importance of the laws of interest discovered by Jung in his investigation of psychological types, or the fields of interest he has charted, or the main highways and the many by-ways he has mapped out, as well as the causes of engine trouble he has described.

The field of possible interests, embracing as it does two worlds of equal magnitude, neither of which could be fully explored in one human lifetime, is more than ample. The outer world of people and things affords inexhaustible material upon which the outwardly flowing libido of the extravert may be bestowed; while the inner world of ideas affords quite as great variety and scope for the inwardly flowing libido of the introvert. Connecting these two worlds, and giving us free access to both of them, are the four main highways: sensation, intuition, feeling and thinking, our four ways of bestowing libido, of being interested, of understanding and loving life—our four basic mental faculties, or functions. There is no such thing as a wholesome and satisfying life without the conscious use of all of them in a more or less rhythmical swinging back and forth between the outer world of so-called "reality," and the inner world of ideas without which the outer reality would be meaningless.

And here lies the educational dilemma, for there is no such thing as growing to mental maturity without becoming a specialist and concentrating the greater part of the libido in a single channel. Mature achievement is possible only through extreme devotion to one of the four psychic functions, inevitably narrowing the field of interest. The definition of a specialist as one who "knows more and more about less and less" describes only too well the inescapable peril of growing up and becoming civilized. The great problem, then, of scientific education—when we have such a thing—will be the handling of this impoverishment of interest, which is strikingly illustrated in the development of gifted, or so-called "precocious," children.

A precocious child is a child who begins this process of specialization somewhat earlier than is usual, and since there are the four functions—sensation, intuition, feeling and thinking—in any one of which he may elect to specialize, there are necessarily four varieties of precocity. Henry, Hebe, Ethel and Frank may be briefly described as typical examples.

Henry, who specialized in sensation, was an extraordinarily *observant and imitative* baby, who saw, heard and learned everything which a mere awareness of environment could teach him. At the age of eleven months he would say "prehistoric fauna and flora," or any other beautiful-sounding phrase that he was asked to repeat, imitating even the inflection of the speaker perfectly. He carried this imitativeness into his play, demanding a toy broom with which to imitate his mother, a toy automobile with which to imitate his father, and toys of all kinds with which to do as the other children did. Extreme acquisitiveness and ultra-conventionality were the result. His sensation became a highly differentiated function, directed and controlled by clearly conscious motives—the desire to possess and to enjoy. Thinking and feeling were hardly more than childish or primitive *reactions,* to chance problems and incidents of daily life, never holding his interest and attention except as they served sensation, or were briefly sustained from vaguely conscious or wholly unconscious motives; while intuition, source of all imaginative activity and originality, was atrophied by neglect, serving only to torment him with the groundless suspicions and superstitions that are the typical sabotage of intuition as suppressed by the sensational types.

Hebe, who specialized in intuition, was an *impulsive and enterprising* baby, so full of initiative that no one could predict what she would do next. Left alone at the age of one year, she was likely to be found on top of the sewing machine or in some other position of high advantage. Her play was imaginative rather than imitative, and she had little need for toys or playmates, so easily did she fill her life with imaginary friends, kings, queens, mythical palaces and make-believe adventures. With the quick understanding of the intuitive child, she learned to read long before reaching school age, adding the world of books to the world of imagination in which she lived, and quite neglecting the actual world about her—Henry's world—except as it was interesting to understand. Her amazingly intelligent questions covered a wide range, so great was her interest in the new and unknown. But, though she learned with lightning rapidity, her interest ended with the learning, and turned to distaste with the first suggestion of routine. "I know how now; I don't want to do that any more," was her attitude, the typical attitude of the highly dif-

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ferentiated intuition where thinking and feeling remain in arrears—mere childish reactions with unconscious motives, or consciously in the service of the "specialty." Sensation, source of most of the fundamental enjoyments of life, but always antagonistic to intuition, sank largely into her unconscious, where it persecuted her with vague and spasmodic cravings for the very satisfactions she consciously scorned, and tormented her with a haunting desire for the efficient routine which her conscious personality loathed.

Ethel specialized in feeling, which from infancy was consciously directed from the fully conscious motive of making and keeping as many harmonious human relationships as possible. *Sympathetic, tactful, popular,* her purpose was pure sociability, and she hated an argument and found people who "talked shop" very tiresome. Her propensity for changing the subject, so characteristic of the feeling types, served the very definite purpose of keeping the conversation from becoming so serious as to take attention from the personal and emotional atmosphere she aimed to create. Her sensation and intuition, except as social aids, were merely childish or primitive reactions with unconscious motivation; while thinking, that essentially solitary and unsocial source of logical clear-headedness, suppressed to the utmost, revenged itself (as an abnormally suppressed function invariably does) by bringing an element of morbid disharmony into her personality. Horrible "thoughts" came welling up whenever she was alone—unbearable thoughts about the very people she held most dear. She could not *bear to be alone!*

Frank, who specialized in thinking, was a *reserved and unsocial* child, who at an early age objected to fairy tales, gave away his toys, got himself a paper route and let it be known that he was in the market for odd jobs. From the age of ten he led a *planned* and *purposeful* life of work and study. His thinking, like Henry's sensation, and Hebe's intuition, and Ethel's feeling, became a highly differentiated function of adaptation, consciously directed with sustained interest and attention upon a motive that was fully conscious. But his motive was neither enjoyment, nor originality, nor sociability; it was logic. He aimed to live the absolutely *reasoned* life. Sensation and intuition, except as they fed his thinking, were merely reactions—very disturbing reactions, at times—with unconscious motives; while feeling, because of its incompatibility with his thinking, was the most suppressed, disturbing and inharmonious element of his personality, coming to the surface in the form of a quite unintentional tactlessness and temper which deprived him of essential human relationships, eventually even alienating his wife and children.

Taken together, these four people illustrate the process by which humanity closes the doors of life in its own face—doors "education" must keep open, or at least, ajar. According to the Jung psychology, the highly civilized man is not one-sided; he has an educated "capacity for one-sidedness," which is quite another thing. *To be capable of one-sidedness in at least three of these four directions, while preserving the wholesome reactions of the child and the primitive whenever one-sidedness serves no useful purpose, is not an impossible educational ideal.* It can be achieved. And when it is achieved, the field of conscious interest is so enlarged as to give the fourth and least-developed function ample opportunity to react normally, and to work effectively and in harmony with the conscious personality.

Whoever is interested in education, whether as a parent, a teacher, or a self-creator, has only to become type-conscious to realize that the various types must approach from utterly different angles the difficult problem of "growing up." We begin to understand why a system of education designed to meet the needs of all children can never fully meet the needs of any child. Training Henry with Hebe, or Ethel with Frank, is like sending the goldfish to school with the canary.

KATHARINE COOK BRIGGS.

Kentucky Mountain Farm

(*History among the Rocks*)

There are many ways to die
Here among the rocks in any weather:
Wind, down the eastern gap, will lie
Level along the snow, beating the cedar,
And lull the drowsy head that it blows over
Startling a crystalline cold dream forever.

The hound's black paw will print the grass in May
And sycamores rise down a dark ravine,
Where a creek in flood, sucking the rock and clay,
Will tumble the sycamore, the laurel, away.
Think how a body, naked and lean
And white as the splintered sycamore, would go
Tumbling and turning, hushed in the end,
With hair afloat in the waters that gently bend
To ocean where the blind tides flow.

Under the shadow of ripe wheat,
By flat limestone, will coil the copperhead,
Fanged as the sunlight, hearing the reaper's feet.
But there are other ways, the lean men said:
In these autumn orchards once young men lay dead . . .
Grey coats, blue coats. Young men on the mountainside
Clambered, fought. Heels muddied the rocky spring.
Their reason is hard to guess, remembering
Blood on their black moustaches in moonlight,
Cold musket-barrels glittering with frost.
Their reason is hard to guess and a long time past.
The apple falls, falling in the quiet night.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

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Impressions of Soviet Russia

IV: *What Are the Russian Schools Doing?*

I GAVE in my last article some reasons for believing that in the "transitional" state of Russia chief significance attaches to the mental and moral (*pace* the Marxians) change that is taking place; that while in the end this transformation is supposed to be a means to economic and political change, for the present it is the other way around. This consideration is equivalent to saying that the import of all institutions is educational in the broad sense—that of their effects upon disposition and attitude. Their function is to create habits so that persons will act coöperatively and collectively as readily as now in capitalistic countries they act "individualistically." The same consideration defines the importance and the purpose of the narrower educational agencies, the schools. They represent a direct and concentrated effort to obtain the effect which other institutions develop in a diffused and roundabout manner. The schools are, in current phrase, the "ideological arm of the Revolution." In consequence, the activities of the schools dovetail in the most extraordinary way, both in administrative organization and in aim and spirit, into all other social agencies and interests.

The connection that exists in the minds of Soviet educators between the formation of attitudes and dispositions by domestic, industrial and political institutions and by the school may perhaps be indicated by reference to the account given, by one of the leaders of the new education, of his own development. His efforts at educational reform date back to the early years of this century, when he joined with a fellow Russian (who had been connected with the University Settlement in New York City) in conducting a social settlement in the working men's quarter in Moscow. Naturally they were compelled to operate along non-political lines and in the neutral fields of children's clubs, recreation, health, etc.; in fact, in the familiar fields of our own settlements of the distinctively philanthropic type. Even so, they met with constant opposition and embarrassment from the old regime. For example, the educator who told this story was one of the first to introduce football into Russia; in consequence, he spent several months in jail. For the authorities were convinced that there could be only one object in playing the game: namely, to train young men so that they could throw bombs more accurately! (Incidentally, I may remark that the spread of sports and games is one of the characteristic features of existing social life; one Sunday afternoon, for example, we attended a trotting match sponsored by the horse-breeding department of the government commissariat of agriculture, and a soccer match, each having an audience of fifteen to twenty thousand persons.) In 1911, wishing a broader field, he started an educational experimental station in the country, some eighty or a hundred miles distant from Moscow, getting assistance from well-to-do Russians of liberal temper. This school, so I was informed, was based on a combination of Tolstoy's version of Rousseau's doctrine of freedom and the idea of the educational value of productive work derived from American sources.

The story thus far is of some historical significance in indicating some of the causal factors in the present Soviet educational system. But its chief value depends upon a further development; especially the effect upon the minds of educational reformers of the constant opposition of established authority to even the most moderate and non-political efforts at educational reform and amelioration of the condition of the working population. The educator of whom I am speaking began as a liberal reformer, not a radical but a constitutional democrat. He worked in the faith and hope that the school, through giving a new type of education, might peacefully and gradually produce the required transformations in other institutions. His pilgrim's progress from reforming pedagogue to convinced communist affords a symbol of the social phase of the entire Soviet educational movement. In the first place, there was the striking and unescapable fact that those reforming and progressive endeavors which were hampered in every possible way by the Tsar's regime were actively and officially promoted by the Bolshevist regime, a fact that certainly influenced many liberal intellectuals to lend their coöperation to the Bolshevist government. One of them, not a party member, told me that he thought those intellectuals who had refused to coöperate wherever they could with the new government had made a tragic mistake; they had nullified their own power and had deprived Russia of assistance just when it was most needed. As for himself, he had found that the present government cleared the way for just the causes he had had at heart in the old regime but whose progress had always been hopelessly compromised by its opposition; and that, although he was not a Communist, he found his advice and even his criticism welcomed, as soon as the authorities recognized that he was sincerely trying to coöperate. And I may add that, while my experience was limited, I saw liberal

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intellectuals who had pursued both the policy he deplored and the one he recommended. There is no more unhappy and futile class on earth than the first, and none more fully alive and happy—in spite of narrowly restricted economic conditions, living quarters, salaries, etc.—than the second.

This first consideration, the almost unimaginable contrast between the career and fate of social aspirations under the old regime and under the Soviet government, is something to which I, at least, had not given due weight in my prior estimates of Bolshevist Russia. And I imagine there are many who, while they are aware in a general way of the repressive and despotic character of the Tsar's government, unconsciously form their appraisal of the present Russian system by putting it in contrast with an imaginary democratic system. They forget that for the Russian millions the contrast is with the system of which alone they have had actual experience. The Russian system of government at the present time is like that to which the population has been accustomed for centuries, namely, a personal system; like the old system, it has many repressive traits. But viewed in the only way which the experience of the masses makes possible for them, it is one that has opened to them doors that were formerly shut and bolted; it is as interested in giving them access to sources of happiness as the only other government with which they have any acquaintance was to keep them in misery. This fact, and not that of espionage and police restriction, however excessive the latter may be, explains the stability of the present government, in spite of the comparatively small number of Communists in the country. It relegates to the realm of pure fantasy those policies for dealing with Russia that are based on the notion that the present government is bound to fall from internal causes if only it can be sufficiently boycotted and isolated externally. I know of nothing that is more indicative of the state of illusion in which it is possible for isolated groups to live than the fact that, of five or six Russian dailies published by the émigrés in Paris, three are devoted to restoration of the monarchy.

I have become involved in a diversion, though one naturally suggested by the marvelous development of progressive educational ideas and practices under the fostering care of the Bolshevist government—and I am speaking of what I have seen and not just been told about. However, the second factor that operated in the transformation of the educator (whose history I regard as typical and symbolic) takes us out of the region of reforming and progressive ideas into that of communism proper. It is the factor that would, I am sure, be emphasized by every Communist educator rather than that which I have just mentioned. The frustration of educational aims by economic conditions occupied a much larger place in the story of the pilgrim's progress from pedagogy to communism than did explicit and definite political and governmental opposition. In fact, the latter was mentioned only as an inevitable by-product of the former. There are, as he puts it, two educations, the greater and the smaller. The lesser is given by the school; the larger, and the one finally influential, is given by the actual conditions of life, especially those of the family and neighborhood. And according to his own story, this educator found that the work he was trying to do in the school, even under the relatively very favorable conditions of his experimental school, was undone by the educative—or miseducative—formation of disposition and mental habit proceeding from the environment. Hence he became convinced that the social medium and the progressive school must work together, must operate in harmony, reinforcing each other, if the aim of the progressive school was not to be constantly undermined and dissipated; with the growth of this conviction he became insensibly a Communist. He became convinced that the central force in undoing the work of socialized reform he was trying to achieve by means of school agencies was precisely the egoistic and private ideals and methods inculcated by the institution of private property, profit and acquisitive possession.

The story is instructive because of its typically symbolic character; if it were expanded, it would also lead into an account of the definite content of Soviet school activities in the concrete. For as far as the influence of this particular educator is concerned (and it extends very far), the subject-matter, the methods of teaching, and the spirit of school administration and discipline are all treated as ways of translating into actuality harmony of operation between concrete social conditions—taking into account their local diversity—and school procedures. My contacts were not sufficiently prolonged to enable me, even if space permitted, to give an adequate report of the structure and technique of this work of harmonization. But its general spirit may at least be suggested. During the transitional regime, the school cannot count upon the larger education to create in any single and whole-hearted way the required collective and coöperative mentality. The traditional customs and institutions of the peasant, his small tracts, his three-system farming, the influence of home and Church, all work automatically to create in him an individualistic ideology. In spite of the greater inclination of the city worker towards collectivism, even his social environment works adversely in many respects. Hence the great task of the school is to counteract and transform those domestic and neighborhood tendencies that are still so strong, even in a nominally collectivistic regime.

In order to accomplish this end, the teachers must in the first place know with great detail and accuracy just what the conditions are to which

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pupils are subject in the hom and thus be able to interpret the habits and acts of the pupil in the school in the light of his environing conditions—and this, not just in some general way, but as definitely as a skilled physician diagnoses in the light of their causes the diseased conditions with which he is dealing. So this educator described his philosophy as "Social Behaviorism." Whatever he saw, a mode of farming, farm implements, style of home construction, domestic industry, church building, etc., led him to ask for its probable effect upon the behavior of those who were subject to its influence. On the other hand the teacher strove to learn, whenever he was confronted with any mode of undesirable behavior on the part of a pupil, how to trace it back to its definite social causation. Such an idea, however illuminating in the abstract, would, of course, remain barren without some technique to carry it into effect. And one of the most interesting pedagogical innovations with which I am acquainted is the technique which has been worked out for enabling teachers to discover the actual conditions that influence pupils in their out-of-school life; and I hope someone with more time than I had at command will before long set forth the method in detail. Here I can only say that it involves, among other things, discussions in connection with history and geography, the themes of written work, the compositions of pupils, and also a detailed study throughout the year of home and family budgets. Quite apart from any economic theory, communistic or individualistic, the results are already of great pedagogical value, and promise to provide a new and fruitful method of sociological research.

The knowledge thus gained of home conditions and their effect upon behavior (and I may say in passing that this social behaviorism seems to me much more promising intellectually than any exclusively physiological behaviorism can ever prove to be) is preliminary to the development of methods which will enable schools to react favorably upon the undesirable conditions discovered, and to reinforce the desirable agencies that exist. Here, of course, is the point at which the socially constructive work of the school comes in. A little something will be said about this later in detail, when I come to speak of the idea of "socially useful" work as a criterion for deciding upon the value of "projects"—for Soviet education is committed to the "project method." But aside from its practical working out, it is also interesting in that it is locating one of the burning points of present Russian pedagogical theoretical education. For there is still a school that holds that educational principles can be derived from psychology and biology—although the weight of citations from Marx is now eclipsing their influence—and that correct educational methods are bound to produce the desired effect independently of concrete knowledge of domestic and local environment.

I have dwelt too long on certain general considerations, at the expense of any account of what schools are actually doing and how they are doing it. My excuse is that, in relation to the entire Russian situation, it is these generic points of social aspiration and contact that are significant. That which distinguishes the Soviet system both from other national systems and from the progressive schools of other countries (with which they have much in common) is precisely the conscious control of every educational procedure by reference to a single and comprehensive social purpose. It is this reference that accounts for the social interlocking to which I referred at the outset. The point may be illustrated by the bearing of school activity upon the family institution as that is conceived by the orthodox Marxian socialists. That thorough-going collectivists regard the traditional family as exclusive and isolating in effect and hence as hostile to a truly communal life, is too familiar to require rehearsal. Apart, however, from the effect of the oft-recited Bolshevist modifications of marriage and divorce, the institution of the family is being sapped indirectly rather than by frontal attack; its historic supports, economic and ecclesiastical, are weakened. For example, the limitation of living quarters, enforced in Russia as in other countries by the War, is deliberately taken advantage of to create social combinations wider than that of the family and that cut across its ties. There is no word one hears oftener than *Gruppe,* and all sorts of groups are instituted that militate against the primary social importance of the family unit. In consequence, to anyone who looks at the matter cold-bloodedly, free from sentimental associations clustering about the historic family institution, a most interesting sociological experimentation is taking place, the effect of which should do something to determine how far the bonds that hold the traditional family together are intrinsic and how far due to extraneous causes; and how far the family in its accustomed form is a truly socializing agency and how far a breeder of non-social interests.

Our special concern here is with the role of the schools in building up forces and factors whose natural effect is to undermine the importance and uniqueness of family life. It is obvious to any observer that in every western country the increase of importance of public schools has been at least coincident with a relaxation of older family ties. What is going on in Russia appears to be a planned acceleration of this process. For example, the earliest section of the school system, dealing with children from three to seven, aims, in the cities, to keep children under its charge six, eight and ten hours per day, and in ultimate ideal (although far from present fact) this procedure is to be universal and compulsory. When it is carried out, the effect on family life is too evident to need to be dwelt upon—although at present even in Moscow only one-tenth of the children of this age

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are in such schools. Nor does the invasion of family life stop at this point in dealing with young children. There are in contemplation summer colonies in the country, corresponding to our fresh-air homes for children from slums, in which children from these all-day "kindergarten" schools will spend a large part of the summer months. Some of the summer colonies are already in existence; those visited compare favorably with similar institutions anywhere, with respect to food, hygiene, medical attention and daily nurture. Now, it would be too much to say that these institutions are deliberately planned with sole reference to their disintegrating effect upon family life; as far as conscious intention is concerned there are doubtless other more conspicuous causes. They are part of a whole network of agencies by means of which the Soviet government is showing its special care for the laboring class in order to gain its political support, and to give a working object-lesson in the value of a communistic scheme. One derives from this, as from many other social undertakings, the impression that the Soviet authorities are trying to forestall, in a deliberately planned and wholesale manner, those consequences of industrialization which in other countries have crept upon society piecemeal and unconsciously. For every large industrial center in any western country shows that in fact the effect of machine industrialization has been to disintegrate the traditional family. From this point of view, the Russian government is doing on a large scale what private philanthropy has done in our cities by means of *crèches,* etc. But even when these allowances are made, it remains true that we have here a striking exemplification of the conscious and systematic utilization of the school in behalf of a definite social policy. There are many elements of propaganda connected with this policy, and many of them obnoxious to me personally. But the broad effort to employ the education of the young as a means of realizing certain social purposes cannot be dismissed as propaganda without relegating to that category all endeavor at deliberate social control.

Reference to this phase of Soviet education may perhaps be suitably concluded by a quotation from Lenin that has become a part of the canonical scriptures of Bolshevist educational literature. For it indicates that, were it necessary, official authority could be cited for the seemingly extreme statements I have made about the central position of the schools in the production of a communist ideology as a condition of the successful operation of communist institutions. "The school, apart from life, apart from politics, is a lie, a hypocrisy. Bourgeois society indulged in this lie, covering up the fact that it was using the schools as a means of domination, by declaring that the school was politically neutral, and in the service of all. We must declare openly what it concealed, namely, the political function of the school. While the object of our previous struggle was to overthrow the bourgeoisie, the aim of the new generation is much more complex: It is to construct communist society."

JOHN DEWEY.

(In Dr. Dewey's fifth article he continues his discussion of the Russian experiment in education.)

Washington Notes

THERE is at this time more speculation and less information concerning the tone and kind of administration we are going to have in Washington after next March than there has ever been in my recollection about any other at the corresponding period. The interesting thing, too, is that, with the victorious Herbert cannily keeping away from Washington until March 4, which I am informed on the best authority is his high purpose, this lack of knowledge promises to continue right up to the tense moment when he takes the well known Bible oath on the so-called South portico. To those who know the fevered state of the political fraternity centered here, pending a change in the White House occupancy, there is no need to report that the atmosphere is thick with theories, heavy-laden with a moist mixture of hopes and forebodings. There are, of course, plenty of slick fellows who can—and do—tell you all about it with a fine air of authority and much convincing data. The trouble about this is that what you hear from one set of these wise boys is flatly contradicted by what you get from another set. From one, for instance, you are informed that the new administration will have a strong Bruce Bartonish and Barr Bakerish flavor, that it will be saturated with uplift publicists and unpractical or at least unpolitical intellectuals, that it will be all cluttered up with "Boy and Girl Scouts."

From other sources this notion of the Herbert entourage is declared to be all bosh. These high-souled adherents of his were, it is asserted, all very well for relief work and dollar-a-day war activities. He will not forget his friends and will take care of those who rate it. None the less, Mr. Hoover is now in politics. More than that—he is his party's leader, and having put his mind on political matters he has a perfectly clear understanding of the sort of appointments essential to achieve a politically successful administration. He knows, say those who were in close touch with him before he sailed South on the "Maryland," that surrounding himself too closely with his personal and non-political friends is distinctly not the way to get anywhere with a program which requires political support—and he will not do it. Further, it is pointed out—and I think with reason—that Herbert at this moment has his mental machinery all set to operate as an eight-year and not a four-year President. For these and other reasons it is insisted that, while he will, of course, make the usual number of purely personal appointments, in the main his selections will be with at least one eye on the political strength and acceptability of the man. The other optic will be on character and capacity, because Herbert cannot bear working with either the inept or the un-

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righteous, but political availability will certainly be one of his requirements—particularly, it is alleged, for his Cabinet.

Personally, as between these two views I am inclined to think that the truth about what Herbert will do in the matter of naming his administration machine lies, as the truth nearly always does, somewhere in the middle ground, and that we may expect a curious mingling in the first part of his term of the practical political practitioner with the enthusiastic devotee of "constructive ideals." Judging from my own observation of the Herbert of the last six months, I think it probable that even at the start the politically practical will have a little the better of it in the mixture. Toward the end of his term—say, in the third year—they will have very much the better of it, if not all of it. But that will merely be in accord with custom and common sense. In any event there will be a change, and for that I give thanks. Even the Hoover Boy and Girl Scouts with their exuberant unanimity and noble notions will be a welcome relief from the dull, smug, scared, sycophantist set of psalm-singers and incense-burners with whom the Coolidge regime has afflicted us for five tiresome years. And the change will come not only in the personnel but in the policies. All that campaign talk of the "Coolidge policies" was simply campaign talk, and anyone who thinks it was anything else belongs with the credulous mass of voters for whom it was intended. The major Coolidge policy has always been inaction. That will not be a Hoover policy. There have been plenty of speeches from Mr. Coolidge setting forth ideas of more or less merit, but no follow-up.

Under Hoover there will be fewer speeches but vastly more action, which brings to mind the Armistice Day address of Mr. Coolidge, echoes of which are still unpleasantly reverberating in the foreign press and the net effect of which has been to increase ill will against us on the other side and greatly damage the chances of ratification of the Kellogg peace treaty, not only by the European nations but also by the United States Senate. My own belief is that the Senate will ratify the treaty, not only because Borah is for it and Jim Reed has, since the Houston days, lost his fighting spirit, but because there is in the Senate a sentiment highly favorable to ratification and practically none at all against it. None the less, Mr. Coolidge dealt it a blow. He increased the risk on both sides of the ocean, and if it goes through it will certainly not be his fault.

As to why he did it, what and who were behind it, there has been and still is considerable speculation, but no more real knowledge than there was about that extraordinary McNary-Haugen veto message last May. No one with a clear idea of the real Coolidge thinks for a moment that the speech sprang uninspired from his own mind. The one sure thing established about the speech is that Mr. Hoover was not only not consulted but had no inkling that it was in course of preparation.

To the regulation Republican press the speech seemed, as usual, a masterpiece. It was praised as a statesmanlike utterance, heralded by the editorial brotherhood, with some notable exceptions, as laying down a new policy toward our foreign friends which the new administration will be expected to carry on. This is all nonsense. It was none of those things, and the Hoover note will not be that note. Of that I am reasonably certain. And notwithstanding the pæans of praise from the Middle-Western press, if here in Washington there is any person outside the little group of yes-men and a certain class of Big Navy Congressmen who was pleased either with the form, the substance or the effect of the address, I have not been able to find him. However, there is no need to worry. There will be no follow-up from Mr. Coolidge—except in words. Probably he will again refer to the subject-matter in his message to Congress, which will be presented, I suppose, about the time this piece is printed, but there it will end, as have all Mr. Coolidge's activities.

So far as the Herbert Cabinet is concerned, it is still true that interest is more deeply concentrated on the secretaryship of State than on anything else—and will remain so. The Dwight Morrow idea has in Washington many convinced believers, but the presence in Latin America of Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher as the official adviser and State Department representative on the Hoover trip has given a considerable impetus to the notion that that attractive and capable person may be chosen for this, the principal Cabinet post. He is a persuasive fellow, a nice sort to have around—and ornamental. Further, he has a training in diplomacy, a knowledge of foreign affairs, an insight into Latin America, an understanding of European problems. In other words, he is equipped for the job of Secretary of State. And who says that would not be a change?

Washington. T. R. B.

Macbeth

Macbeth, Knickerbocker Theater, November 19, 1928.

THE point of departure for this "Macbeth" of Mr. George Tyler's, as a part in his "annual presentation of famous masterpieces," was the designs by Mr. Gordon Craig. That fact ten years ago would have made a great stir in our midst, but nowadays it came softly into the public ear, mildly important. This is partly because the name of Gordon Craig is no longer news; he is a source now rather than a sensation, as Darwin has come to be in science. It is partly because there is less interest in the serious discussion of the theater just now; partly because that aspect of the theater that décor represents is less to the front than it was; and partly because Mr. Gordon Craig's ideas have spread into the very texture of the theater and even into the realm of the moving pictures, which from anywhere and anybody, Russia, Germany, designers, painters, authors, have made use of his conceptions. And finally, it must be said that no little of this indifference derives from the fact that Mr. Craig himself did not come over to America. What we see at the Knickerbocker is scenery taken from the designs he sent, but not actually created under his eye and hand.

That Mr. Gordon Craig is one of the outstanding geniuses in the history of the world theater is obvious. He has himself gone through with, more or less, a handful of

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productions in Moscow, London, Copenhagen, Florence and elsewhere, none of which I have seen. From all reports they came off with varying completeness and satisfaction, and certainly with stimulating imagination and prophecy, though with a veritable wellspring of vituperation and violence among the tempers involved. Whether he could ever carry his ideas through or not is one question, and another is whether he really in his last, subconscious self ever quite wanted the theater—his own theater, safely bolstered with endowments—that virtuous hearts have wished for him and his experiments. But that does not in the least affect the point that he has been a seed, an upheaval, a light and power in the art of the theater, not only on its visual side but with regard to the whole production. His influence is evident in the modern Russians, in Reinhardt, in Granville Barker and lesser men in England, in Mr. Robert Edmond Jones and Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes and other designers in America, in Spain, in Italy, in the whole modern theater. Some have fed their talents with his substance, some have turned it into paying enterprise. Everyone who knows anything about the modern theater knows this.

Everyone knows, therefore, that Mr. Craig's aim and scope has not rested with décor, but has extended to the theatrical event as a unit. His conception is that of the one directing mind behind all the elements together—the play, the acting, the design, the directing—as they contribute to the entire event. His share in this "Macbeth" includes nothing of all this except the design, and in the design not even the costumes, only the settings.

There are those who say that it was not ethical, or something of the kind, for Mr. Gordon Craig to turn over his designs to another man and not come over and see them through himself, and that he is therefore subject to be judged by the result. But this is nonsense; he has as much right to sell his designs to a producer as the dramatist has to sell his play or as the costume designer to sell his plates—so long, that is, as the production does not claim to be his, which this does not and need not try to do. If we want to pass a judgment on him thus for the high pleasure of such functioning, that is our business, but it will not do much toward an understanding of his quality and meaning in the theater. As a move on his part toward a practical, paying place in our theater this is all another discussion.

It must be said, nevertheless, that to turn over designs like Mr. Gordon Craig's for another man to carry out into stage mass, color, light and surface textures, is about as if El Greco supplied somebody with a sketch and a color card from which to paint one of his pictures. At the hands of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, for example, who designed so remarkable a "Macbeth" some years ago, these designs might have come to birth either better or worse than what Mr. Craig had imagined. Under the hands that have brought them to us now, they come, with one or two exceptions, to nothing at all. Scenically it is a somewhat hideous evening offered us at the Knickerbocker.

The costumes were of the old-style Lohengrin tradition, not bad on Christmas cards in the Victorian manner, but astonishing in front of Craigish settings. They hit bottom in Lady Macbeth, who wore for the murder scene a black afternoon affair, up-to-date in figure and showing beneath it a stretch of light stockings and high-heeled satin shoes, and for the banquet scene a sort of Madame Jeritza Madison Avenue effect that was quite beyond words. Even if the settings had come off, these costumes would have muddled the issue.

As to the designs behind these settings, anyone truly interested may look at a series of them presented in the Theater Arts Monthly Magazine for November, remembering as he looks that much may be drawn in charcoal, where the thumb can rub in such miracles of pregnant nuance, that is a wholly different matter when it comes to stage embodiment. Most of these designs seem to me not very notable, and not, this late in the day, very significant. The outline of the castle seat I thought striking enough, and the notes for the witches would once have seemed to me suggestive, the varied levels too. Once, but not now, for time, alas, takes off the edge from the motives and devices in all art and sadly dims the flourish set on them. The design for the castle scenes, the king's arrival and afterward the circumstances of his murder, I thought superb. That arrangement of square shapes, with those shadowy approaches and that violent lighted door where blood is to be spilt, was full of deeply dramatic imagination even as it came off at the Knickerbocker, badly painted as that was and inexpertly lit. Parts of the witches' scenes might have pleased such as have a taste for a certain obvious chiaroscuro. Most of the settings were much too near the front of the stage and appallingly lighted. It is only too easy to imagine that in the whole sheaf of designs that Mr. Gordon Craig created, there were many beautiful motives and elements that are not even suggested in this production as we see it.

Mr. Lyn Harding gave a dignified performance of Macbeth, in good taste but lacking in power and force, and much too monotonously a case of neurotic decay like that of his Tsar Paul in "The Patriot" of last season. His reading lacked in general variety and attack. When Miss Florence Reed, at her first moment on the stage, began to decipher Macbeth's letter I thought that, whatever else might be lacking by way of subtlety or penetration, we might be going to have here a Lady Macbeth with a certain raw and primitive energy and edge that would at least refresh the role and rouse the energy so often lost from her scenes. But a mechanical approach to the part was soon apparent, a hopeless rhythm, a meaningless phrase and idle vocalization. The sleep-walking scene was wrong in every way; the stair turned out poorly, the doctor and nurse had costumes suitable for Plymouth Rock, Miles Standish and the music master of melodrama, and Lady Macbeth missed the entire effect of the scene, which ordinarily one would think might carry itself. A certain continuity of movement is, above everything, necessary in this scene, a movement containing the whole trance of it, the life carried on by forces beyond its control, the haunted mind and tragic helplessness, the silver light of dream and sleep. Miss Reed broke up her movement into mere empty starts and stops, and did nothing with the lines. During the first part of this scene, as Lady Macbeth came down the steps and across the stage—she was some time doing so—I heard a heavy breathing which I took to be some man further

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down toward the stage, who had fallen asleep. People have told me that it was not so, but a part of the player's portrayal of sleep. I cannot believe that such could be true, but if it is true it must serve forever as the immortal high-water mark of all attempts at misplaced realism ever made in poetic drama. The two murderers of Mr. Bernard Savage and Mr. Harold Thomas seemed to me excellent performances.

"Macbeth" presents many difficulties and problems in production, three or four of which we may note here. It is a primitive and barbaric history done over into seventeenth-century matter. This means that in Shakespeare's time it could be understood partly by that core of barbarism so entrenched in the Anglo-Saxon breast, and partly by the contemporaneity of its mind, which gave it its final place with the audience. For us it is different. We see the two elements, primitive and Renaissance, and neither of them is quite ours; a greater distance and complexity separate us from this work of art.

"Macbeth" takes advantage of its privilege, as poetic method, to say many things, and in many ways, that realism cannot accommodate. In speaking the lines of such long passages as that of Macbeth's about sleep, for instance, we must discover a method that will convey the effect of the mind's being opened so that we see its contents, which may all be present in one flash. To read the passage with breaks in it, as if these reflections arose as one bit of thought after another, is only to make the character sound rambling or irrelevant to the dramatic moment and truth, and the dramatist more or less talky or false. We must face, too, the Elizabethan intention of continuous flux in the action and scenes, a continuity based on short waits or none between the scenes, and on declamation and vitality in the acting—that fifth act battle, for example.

None of these problems—not even that of the short waits—was solved in this production at the Knickerbocker. But we may say, at least, that the general level of the English spoken was better than in any Shakespearean production in recent Broadway seasons.

STARK YOUNG.

Half of Thomas Hardy

THOMAS HARDY, it is not surprising to learn, had not sufficient admiration for himself "to record his recollections," and not enough interest in himself to brood over his own character. "A naturalist's interest in the hatching of a queer egg or germ is the utmost introspective consideration you should allow yourself," he wrote, and the observation was made in a pocket book which nobody but himself was to read. Hence, though he was forced to agree that a life of him must be written ("The Early Life of Thomas Hardy," by Florence Emily Hardy. New York: Macmillan) it is by his wish a life so devoid of artifice, so simple in its structure, that it resembles nothing so much as the talk of an old man over the fire about his past. Much of it, indeed, was written down by Mrs. Hardy as he spoke it. Many of the phrases are unmistakably his own. And whatever it may lack in substance or in symmetry is more than made up for by the sound of the speaking voice and the suggestiveness which it carries with it. Indeed, by no other method could Mrs. Hardy have kept so close to her husband's spirit.

For Hardy was the last person to be subjected to the rigors of biography. Never was anyone less stereotyped, less formalized, less flattened out by the burden of fame and the weight of old age. He sprang up, effortlessly, unconsciously, like a heather root under a stone, not by imposing his views or by impressing his personality, but by being simply and consistently himself. Everything he wrote—it is a quality that makes up for a thousand faults—had this integrity ingrained in it. One finds it again pervading his life. Fantastic as it sounds, one can scarcely help fancying that it was Hardy who imagined it all—the fiddling father, the mother who loved reading, the house "between woodland and heathland"; the old English family with its legends of Monmouth and Sedgemoor and its "spent social energies" who had come down in the world—"So we go down, down, down," said Hardy, meeting the head of his family trudging beside a common spring trap in the road. Everything takes on the color of his own temperament. His memories have the quality of moments of vision. He could remember coming home at three in the morning from fiddling with his father—for the Hardys had fiddled in church and farm for generations without taking a penny for it, and little Tom was a dancer and a fiddler from his birth—and seeing "a white human figure without a head" in the hedge—a man almost frozen to death. He could remember the farm women at the harvest supper "sitting on a bench against the wall in the barn and leaning against each other as they warbled:

> Lie there, lie there, thou false-hearted man,
> Lie there instead o' me."

He could remember how his father would leave his work as a builder and stroll on to the heath alone with the telescope that had belonged to some seafaring Hardy and "stay peering out into the distance by the half-hour." He could remember how once he stood there too and put the same brass telescope to his eye. He saw a man in white fustian on the gallows at Dorchester who at that moment "dropped downward and the faint note of the town clock struck eight"; and he seemed alone on the heath with the hanged man. But more distinctly than anything else he could remember lying on his back as a small boy and thinking how useless he was and how he did not wish to grow up—"he did not want at all to be a man, or to possess things, but to remain as he was in the same spot, and to know no more people than he already knew [about half a dozen]. Yet . . . he was in perfect health and happy circumstances."

So the memories succeed each other, like poems, visualized and complete. It was thus, perhaps, that Hardy's mind worked when it was most at its ease, falling fitfully and capriciously like a lantern swinging from side to side and lighting now a rosebush, now a frozen tramp. He has none of that steady and remorseless purpose that some people would attribute to him. It was by chance that he saw things, not by design. He puts the telescope to his eye and there is a man on the gallows. He walks in Dorchester High Street and sees the gipsy girls with their

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big brass earrings in the light from a silver-smith's shop. At once these sights shape themselves into poems and set themselves to some old tune that had been running in his mind. He stops to meditate. He cannot hold firmly on his way. Indeed, he did not want to possess things; he "cared for life only as an emotion and not as a scientific game." Hence the doubts and the fluctuations of his career. He might have gone to Cambridge, had he chosen, but he did not make the effort. He fumbled about with architecture, pulling down the old churches that he loved and building new ones. Now he was going to devote himself to poetry, now to fiction. One result of this vacillation seems to have been that he was singularly open to influence. He wrote a satirical novel in the manner of Defoe, and because Meredith advised him to write another with a more complicated plot, he sat down and wrote "Desperate Remedies" with a plot like a medieval mousetrap. When the Spectator said that the novel (because there is a rich spinster in it with an illegitimate child) was rightly anonymous, for even a *nom de plume* might "at some future time disgrace the family name, and still more the Christian name, of a repentant and remorseful novelist," Hardy sat on a stile and wished himself dead. It was in deference to another critic, John Morley, that he wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree" in the pastoral manner; and it was in reply to the gibes of the journalists who said that he was a house decorator that he put aside the first version of "The Woodlanders" and proved his sophistication by writing "The Hand of Ethelberta."

All this deference to authority which contrasts so queerly with the perfectly uncompromising character of his genius comes, no doubt, from some inertness of temper in the descendant of a spent race; but it rose, too, from a fact which Hardy himself noticed, that he came to maturity much later than most men. His gifts lay hidden far longer than is usual. Poems dropped now and again into a drawer. But the desire to write poetry seems to have been fitful and dubious even when he was at the most poetic age. Bread and butter had to be earned, and therefore, reluctantly and hesitatingly, without the illusions or the hot-headedness of the born novelist, he stumbled into a calling for which he had little respect, and for which, if he had magnificent gifts, he had also great disabilities.

For, though it was all very well to write novels like "Far from the Madding Crowd" upon chips of wood or white leaves or even stones out of doors, he was persuaded that a novelist, to be successful, must describe manners and customs. He must frequent dinners and clubs and crushes. He must keep a note-book. And so, though he could not bear the touch of an arm on his shoulder, and a note-book in his pocket made him "as barren as the Sahara," he faced the position squarely; he rented a house in Upper Tooting; bought a note-book and dined out nightly. "Certainly," exclaimed Miss Thackeray, when he consulted her upon the matter, "a novelist must necessarily like society!"

Society seen from Upper Tooting looked a little queer. He put the brass telescope to his eye and saw the strangest things. He mused upon the passions and sorrows that raged beneath the breasts of the crowd at the Marble Arch. He lay in bed at Upper Tooting and could not sleep because he lay so close "to a monster who had four million heads and eight million eyes." He sat next Lady Camperdown at dinner "and could not get rid of the feeling that I was close to a great naval engagement." But he also noted down the correct things. He met Matthew Arnold, who "had a manner of having made up his mind upon everything years ago"; and Henry James, "who has a ponderously warm manner of saying nothing in infinite sentences"; and old Mrs. Procter, "who swam about through the crowd like a swan"; and Byron's Ianthe, "a feeble beldame muffled up in black and furs"; and the Carnarvons and the Salisburys and the Portsmouths—and of all this he took note as a novelist should. And when the books were finished, he did whatever the editors required him to do to make them salable. Book after book appeared in magazines with passages cut out or with incidents put in to please the British public. For if the whole thing—in this case the whole thing was "The Mayor of Casterbridge"—was "mere journey work," did it very much matter what compromise he made? Fiction was a trade like another—off he went to the Crawford-Dilke case, note-book in hand. Yet now and then the note-book would record a state of mind or a thought that was quite unsuitable for fiction. For instance, ". . . when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a specter not solid enough to influence my environment; only fit to behold and say, as another specter said, 'Peace be unto you!'" Or again he mused, "people are somnambulists—that the material is not real—only the visible, the real being invisible optically."

For while with one half of his mind Hardy noted down what a successful novelist ought to observe, the other half peered over his shoulder and turned these observations to moonshine. Hardy, of course, might have suppressed the second half; he might have succeeded in writing agreeable cynical novels of London life, like any other. But that obstinate conviction that made him, for all his efforts, an outsider, that faculty for putting the telescope to his eye and seeing strange, grim pictures—if he went to a First Aid lecture he saw children in the street behind a skeleton, if he went to a French play he saw a cemetery behind the players' heads—all this fecundity and pressure of the imagination brought about at last not a compromise but a solution. Why run about with note-books observing manners and customs, when his mind involuntarily flooded itself with strange imaginations and sung itself scraps of old ballads? Again the note-book records certain ideas that would be out of place in a novel. "The 'simply natural' is interesting no longer. The much decried, mad, late-Turner rendering is now necessary to create my interest. The exact truth as to material fact ceases to be of importance in art—I want to see the deeper reality underlying the scenic, the expression of what are sometimes called abstract imaginings." But how far can abstract imaginings be expressed in a novel? Will not realities fatally conflict with that observation of manners and customs which Hardy, so simply and so modestly, had accepted as the staple of the novelists' trade?

The first half of Hardy's life ends with that note of interrogation. We have reached the year 1891. He has written "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It has appeared in

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the Graphic. At the editors' request, Hardy has omitted the christening scene; he has allowed the dairy-maids to be wheeled across the lane in a wheelbarrow instead of being carried in Clare's arms; and, although one father of daughters still objects that the bloodstain on the ceiling is indecent—"Hardy could never understand why"—the book is a great success. And what, we ask ourselves, is going to happen next?

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

CORRESPONDENCE

Prohibition Not a Local Issue

SIR: May I reply to the letter under the caption, "Is Prohibition a Local Issue?" by Dorr H. Carroll of Kansas City, Mo., in your issue of November 14? I am a traveling man and cover the greater part of the United States and have found one may procure liquor in any village, town or city, when one so desires.

In the Baptist-dominated South, where the issue in the election was the liquor question, the situation can be summed up in the saying, "Prohibition is better than no liquor at all." In one of the large hotels, in a leading Texas city, the manager gave me the name of his private bootlegger. At the recent American Legion convention in San Antonio, liquor was as easy to obtain as a pair of number 7 shoes. In New Orleans, one merely has to ask for it. In Florida, bootleggers are thicker than real-estate agents used to be. A similar situation exists in every section of the United States.

Does Mr. Carroll not realize that prohibition for the United States is impossible until the entire world accepts it? As long as Canada is wet on our north, Mexico on our south, as long as there are hills in West Virginia and Tennessee, as long as houses have basements and humans crave whiskey, we can never have complete prohibition. . . .

B. B. BROWN.

Fort Worth, Tex.

A Reasonable Complaint

SIR: I wish you and the Nation would arrange, whenever we have a national election, to publish a consolidated Pacific Coast edition of the number following the election. Have it telegraphed to this coast, printed locally and sent by air mail to the subscribers on this edge of the country. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to have to wait a week before we can tell what we think of the election result.

Another beef: time was when I could start at page II of the New Republic and read straight through to page V without skipping anything. There were no break-overs and the magazine's viscera were arranged in an unusually agreeable order. But now you have started that rascally T. R. B. so that I must break my routine to read his chatter, and lately I find myself going still farther and reading Elmer Durkin before settling down to the legitimate parts of the magazine. Why not put T. R. B. first, then Elmer, then the important freight? (And who *is* T. R. B., anyway?)

MANUEL BOY FRANK.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Leaderless Orchestra

SIR: It was indeed a joy to all of us, who have been busying ourselves with the artistic or business arrangements of the American Symphonic Ensemble, to read Mr. Deems Taylor's thoughtful and sincere account of our first concert. I do, however, want to correct two misapprehensions.

If our prospectus implied that any of us believed that an orchestra without a conductor could give finer performances than one led by a master, I (who wrote the prospectus) am truly sorry. None of us believes that. We do believe, however, that the number of really inspired conductors in the world can be counted on the fingers of one hand and that the number of mediocrities who wield a baton is myriad. We also believe that it is these very second-raters who most often attempt to perpetrate "readings" on the public, and we like our Beethoven straight.

As to rehearsals (and here is a scoop for the New Republic), we had more than the sixteen or twenty rehearsals that the various papers gave us credit for. If the sectional rehearsals be counted, we had more than twenty-five. But the first twenty of these were chiefly to perfect the ensemble, just as a string quartet sometimes plays together for a year without appearing in public. If our "brasses were good and our woodwinds were fair and our strings were really admirable" (we're very proud of that) this was due to the first twenty rehearsals. We shall not need as many for our future concerts. The first of our subscription series of three will take place on January 5. On that date, we plan to play (here's another scoop for the New Republic) a Prokofieff Piano Concerto, surely a departure from the "highly conventional." Obviously we cannot have the 120 rehearsals that Mr. Taylor's mathematics finds necessary between now and January 5.

The outstanding thing about the entire experiment is the fine spirit of the musicians themselves. It was an inspiring sight to see them rehearse enthusiastically at midnight, as they were sometimes compelled to do, after a day of teaching or of playing at odd jobs.

They feel that, with work and patience, they can give worthwhile concerts to the music-lovers of New York. They hope eventually to make these concerts self-supporting. The players do not ever again want to be dependent on any one Crœsus, who has the power, if he quits paying the deficits, to relegate them to movie theaters and restaurants. These are some of the men who for years have given joy and inspiration to the concert-goers of New York. And now these same music-lovers have an opportunity to make payment in kind by supporting a coöperative venture of these musicians.

WALTER L. JONAS, Secretary,
Business Advisory Committee,
American Symphonic Ensemble.

New York City.

The Deportations Go on

SIR: I wish to thank Mr. Hippolyte Havel, editor of The Road to Freedom, for pointing out the inaccuracy of a statement I made in reviewing "Condemned to Devil's Island."

"The convict trains of the Imperial government," I wrote, "no longer groan eastward along the Trans-Siberian; the sentence of deportation has almost disappeared from modern criminology. Only the French . . . continue to send their yearly cargoes of six or seven hundred prisoners to Guiana."

Mr. Havel informs me, quite accurately I believe, that deportation to Siberia is still a recognized Russian punishment, that on the first of last January there were 189 political prisoners in Upper Uralsk alone, and that on the expiration of their terms in this "Polit Isolator," most of them would be exiled to different Siberian towns—the same towns, in some cases, that were used as places of exile by Peter the Great. Deportation is also a fairly common punishment in Italy. I believe, however, that France makes wider use of this convenient and not too merciful sentence than does any other European nation.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Patterson, N. Y.

A Correction

SIR: There is one slight error in your review (October 24) of my novel, "Day of Fortune." It is not, I must confess, a first effort. The first—"Flecker's Magic," was reviewed in the New Republic two years ago and has been written or lectured about by a number of English critics, including E. M. Forster, ("Aspects of the Novel"), Humbert Wolfe, Robert Nichols, ("Tendencies of the English Novel"), Desmond McCarthy, Rose Macaulay, etc.

NORMAN MATSON.

Provincetown, Mass.

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A Wise and Upright Story of War Responsibility

The Origins of the World War, by Sidney Bradshaw Fay. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two vols. 1,128 pages. $9.

HENCEFORTH no one may presume to speak authoritatively concerning the causes of the Great War unless he has read and digested this memorable work by Professor Fay. It is a scholarly book, notable for extensive research in source (as distinct from controversial) materials, for lack of preconceptions, for tireless searching out of elusive but essential details, for meticulous documentation, for a fine sense of judicial impartiality which leaves no room for charges of special pleading. It is an inherently interesting book; the three chapters dealing with the plot upon the life of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand possess high dramatic quality, and, together with the rest of the work, are written in a clear and straightforward, if not eloquent, style. It is a courageous book, shrinking from no conclusions, however unpalatable, devoid of pusillanimity, utilizing no euphemistic synonyms for falsehood, duplicity, bullying, self-deception, misrepresentation and criminal procrastination. It is a shrewd book which looks behind telegrams and blue books for some of the human forces at work; the description of the last hectic days of July, 1914—when the crisis was made more acute by heat, sleeplessness, *amour propre,* irritation over domestic troubles (such as the strikes in Russia and the Irish question in Great Britain), the impatience of generals and admirals with the slow processes of diplomacy, the paralysis of state business by English week-ends—shows a keen understanding of the things which made strong men break down and weep, impotent as children in the face of forces about to overwhelm them. In short, Professor Fay has produced a work which is a high tribute to his own ability and integrity as well as a source of pride to the American historical guild. When it is translated into other languages —as it speedily should be—it will convince the most skeptical abroad that there are Americans whose concern is with other than machinery, full dinner pails, full garages, and statistical data concerning foreign trade.

Of course, Professor Fay has not said the last word upon the subject of war responsibility. His book will doubtless be altered in details as new materials become available, but his conclusions seem to be sound, and the spirit in which he writes is irreproachable. As Professor Fay points out, however, he has worked with "a wealth of documentary and memoir material, unprecedented in quantity and quality"; therefore, "today, only fourteen years after the outbreak of the War, it may safely be said that the materials are now at hand on which to base a fairly exact statement of the course of events between the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo on June 28, and the advent of war between England and Germany on August 4." What is principally lacking for a definitive statement is the completion of the British documents now in course of publication and the opening of the Serbian and French archives. As to Serbian and French revelations, however, there is little immediate prospect, for there appear to be too many skeletons in the diplomatic closets at Belgrade and Paris. Professor Fay's summary of the evidence now at hand is masterly, and is commended to laymen who wish to know why historians generally reject the dictum of the Allies at Paris in 1919 that: "The War was premeditated by the Central Powers together with their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and was the result of acts deliberately committed in order to make it unavoidable." This verdict Professor Fay calls "historically incorrect, and morally unjustifiable," but upon it was based Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, keystone of the system of reparations. Nevertheless, Professor Fay is as much out of sympathy with the so-called "revisionist" writers who would fasten the "guilt" upon France and Russia as with the frenzied Entente sympathizers (like the "superficial and facile" Mr. James M. Beck) who pilloried German diplomacy before the world. He dislikes the word "guilt" (preferring "responsibility") and rejects the scapegoat theory, whether the victim be the Kaiser, Poincaré, or Sazonov. He is convinced that none of the Great Powers wanted war in 1914 and that their spokesmen realized that it would be a catastrophe, although none of them foresaw the extent of the ultimate upheaval. "Nevertheless, a European War broke out. Why? Because in each country political and military leaders did certain things, which led to mobilizations and declarations of war, or failed to do certain things which might have prevented them. In this sense, all the European countries, in a greater or less degree, were responsible. One must abandon the dictum of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were solely responsible. It was a dictum exacted by victors from vanquished, under the influence of the blindness, ignorance, hatred, and the propagandist misconceptions to which war had given rise."

To begin with, it is demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that the various "colored books" issued by the several powers in 1914 as a defense of their policies were both *suppresio veri* and *suggestio falsi.* The German White Book and the Austrian Red Book, by the most charitable interpretation, were incomplete; the British Blue Book and the French Yellow Book suppressed important despatches and altered others so as to distort their meaning; the Serbian Blue Book "gave no hint of Serbia's guilty responsibility for the Sarajevo assassination"; the Russian Orange Book was a rank forgery. Had it not been for the revolutions of 1917-1918 in Central and Eastern Europe, these incomplete and falsified apologia might be even today our only important source of materials concerning the outbreak of the War. Memoirs of statesmen have not proved altogether informative and ingenuous: Poincaré's articles and books constitute "an acrid polemic rather than a calm historical retrospect"; Asquith assumes colossal naïveté on the part of his readers and "writes as a politician making a case, not as a statesman seeking to reveal the truth; Grey, although writing with "transparent honesty" and "sweet reasonableness," continues to harbor suspicions and self-deceptions which helped bring on the War—and thus it is down the long list of memoirs of statesmen on both sides.

There are certain aspects of Professor Fay's narrative which are far from pleasant. Italian diplomacy as revealed by the record of 1900-1914 was a sorry spectacle. Allies, while openly pledging fealty, were engaged in the most dubious practices—the Russian government, for example, as part of its espionage service deciphered the French diplomatic code and intercepted messages between the French embassy at St. Petersburg and the Quai d'Orsay. Constitutional guarantees concerning the conduct of foreign affairs were treated as scraps of paper: thus, to circumvent the requirement that treaties must be approved by Parliament, the Franco-Russian alliance was in the form of an exchange of notes and a series of military conventions; similarly

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the honor of Great Britain was pledged to France by military and naval "conversations" of which Parliament was kept in ignorance and concerning which for years even the members of the Cabinet knew nothing. Throughout, the public statements and assurances of responsible ministers were so at variance with their secret commitments that one wonders whether diplomatists knew the meaning of the word "truth." (At the time of the ultimatum of July, 1914, however, the Austro-Hungarian government suspected and believed more than it actually knew of Serbian complicity in the Sarajevo murders.)

Americans who have from time to time been impatient of Mexico should read Professor Fay's description of the conduct of Serbia as a neighbor of Austria-Hungary. In the light of the political dogma of nationalism, the Austro-Hungarian empire was an anachronism. As Herr Zimmermann of the German Foreign Office said in 1914, Austria-Hungary "has now become really the Sick Man of Europe, like Turkey formerly, for whose partition Russians, Italians, Rumanians, Serbians and Montenegrins are now waiting." The Serbs were less patient than their neighbors of the processes of disintegration, and hence carried on a secret "cultural" and terrorist propaganda which menaced the domestic peace and the international security of the Hapsburg realm. Defense of Serbia by such writers as Mr. Seton-Watson wilts in view of the evidence which Professor Fay presents that the plot to murder the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was hatched in Belgrade and was carried out with the knowledge of some and the connivance of other Serbian officials of high rank. Although Austrian determination to "punish" Serbia in 1914 is not to be extenuated, it is made more understandable by the facts here presented.

It is a high merit of Professor Fay's book that it is not concerned primarily or principally with the bombardment of telegrams from June 28 to August 4, 1914. The entire first volume deals with the fundamental causes of the ultimate catastrophe—secret alliances, militarism, nationalism, economic imperialism, and a highly excitable (as well as occasionally venal) press. In Professor Fay's opinion, "the greatest single underlying cause of the War was the system of secret alliances"—as a frantic member of the German Foreign Office on August 1, 1914, said: "It all came from this d—d system of alliances, which was the curse of modern times." In the situation which existed in 1914, acording to Professor Fay: (1) Triple Alliance and Triple Entente "tended to be deformed from their original defensive character," and both Germany and France found themselves forced to follow their respective partners in dangerous Balkan enterprises; (2) by reason of the defection of Italy and of Rumania (a satellite) the Triple Alliance was seriously weakened, whereas the Triple Entente was growing steadily stronger; (3) friendly gestures by one member of either group to a member of the other—such as Potsdam agreements and the Haldane mission—were sternly frowned upon as instances of domestic infidelity rather than accepted as steps toward European peace; (4) military and naval armaments were mounting to menacing proportions and military collaboration (especially among the Entente Powers) was growing more intimate, with the inevitable result of "increasing suspicions, fears, and newspaper recriminations." Thus it was that in the crisis of June to August, 1914, a considerable proportion of European diplomatists were more concerned with preserving group solidarity than with preserving the peace of the world.

Professor Fay believes that economic imperialism has been generally exaggerated as an underlying cause of the War. He seems to be borne out by the fact that the documents concern themselves more with questions of prestige, security, defense, compensations, groupings of power, and the like. Nevertheless, there is a surprising amount of material in these volumes regarding Morocco, Tunis, Persia, the Ottoman Empire, Egypt, and other areas of imperialist friction. In fact, the formation of the Triple Entente is to be traced in a series of compromises by which each of the three powers recognized certain "spheres of interest" of the others. Furthermore, secret diplomacy and armaments are not peculiar to the period of 1870-1914; as means to various ends they have cursed international relations throughout modern times. Was imperialism one of the major ends for which the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, with their vast armaments, were the means? This must be largely a matter of opinion.

As he and other historians have heretofore done in various publications, Professor Fay dispels some of the most cherished myths of wartime. That much of this legend-smashing is at the expense of the Entente and in favor of Germany is chargeable to the marvelous workings of Allied propaganda and the extraordinary credulity of American public opinion. To begin with, it is demonstrated that there was no Konopischt Pact between the Kaiser and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand by which, according to the gullible Mr. Wickham Steed, Austria and Germany were to remake the map of Europe to suit their own convenience; what the Archduke and the Kaiser really discussed at the estate of the former was chiefly rose-gardens—the rest of the story, circulated by a highly reputable journalist, is gossip unworthy of the scullery. Then, too, there was no Potsdam Conference at which the German lords of war and industry secretly plotted an attack on a peaceful and unsuspecting France and Russia. This fairy-tale was first told the world by Mr. Henry Morgenthau, who says he got it from Baron von Wangenheim, German Ambassador at Constantinople; Professor Fay indicates that either Mr. Morgenthau or Baron von Wangenheim exercised a very vivid imagination—with every indication that the former more than held his own. That France ordered a "ten-kilometre withdrawal" of her troops from the German frontier as an evidence of her peaceful intentions can no longer be maintained in the light of Professor Fay's evidence. That Great Britain entered the War on behalf of Belgian neutrality; that Germany used the mailed fist in the Bosnian crisis of 1908-1909; that Germany was intransigent in the Liman von Sanders affair; that Germany enjoyed a numerically superior military force to France at the outbreak of the War; that Germany encouraged Austrian aggression in the Near East during and after the Balkan War—all of this and more must be relegated to the limbo of wartime mythology. The questionable wisdom of the Allies in demanding that the Kaiser be handed over for trial will be apparent to all who read the record of the true part played by William II during the crisis of 1914 and in German diplomacy theretofore.

The charges against Austria and Germany are serious enough without resorting to the fictitious. The preponderance of fact is overwhelming that the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, Count Berchtold (who more than any other single individual was responsible for the War) and the Austrian chief of staff, Baron Conrad von Hötzendorf (who supplied the stiffening for Berchtold's weak backbone) were determined to make war on Serbia even at the risk of precipitating a general European conflict. The German government supported Austrian policy until the

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eleventh hour; the sincere but belated peace efforts of Bethmann-Hollwegg were therefore unavailing. And once war appeared to be "inevitable," the militarists at Berlin were responsible for a series of incredible blunders which played directly into the hands of the Entente Powers. On the other hand, the reader should examine carefully Professor Fay's chapters dealing with Russian policy and its French support; in particular, he should follow the events which led to Russian general mobilization (the work of the militarists at St. Petersburg which nullified all further efforts to maintain peace). As to the relative responsibility of Poincaré and Grey, there is certain to be much difference of opinion, but Professor Fay has presented the facts upon which a judgment may be based.

The tragedy of the World War becomes all the greater when one reads this book. Statesmen of the Great Powers allowed themselves to drift into a situation which cost the lives of millions of men. The Austro-Hungarian and Russian empires, which saw the issue of 1914 as one of self-preservation, were destroyed by their own folly, and there is not a nation in Europe today which is not poorer than it was fourteen years ago. Is there any lesson for Americans in this record? Yes! In the first place, a renewed drive should be made for "open covenants, openly arrived at." The Senate should cling religiously to its coördinate powers in the control of foreign affairs, and secret diplomacy should be barred in every respect. The constitutional limitations upon the President should not be circumvented by the negotiation of "personal" agreements such as that for the supervision of elections in Nicaragua; if public opinion permits such precedents, it will not be long before a virtual autocracy will be established by the Executive in the conduct of foreign relations. Second, we should guard against the creation of a bureaucracy in the Department of State. Professor Fay makes it clear that the permanent secretaries of the European foreign offices largely determined the policies of their governments. This had serious disadvantages because, however well informed these men may have been, they were irresponsible. Sitting at the end of telegraph wires, they had lost much of their perspective and were totally devoid of a sense of humor. Some, like Sir Eyre Crowe, had prejudices which distorted judgments.

If we could have had this book in 1914 or 1917 or 1919! Would it have affected our course of conduct? Who can say?

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Vanity Fair Up-to-Date

Point Counter Point, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

EIGHTY years ago Thackeray looked out upon the London life which Mr. Huxley sees today, and gave his report of it in "Vanity Fair."

> There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, smoking, cheating, fighting, dancing and fiddling: there are bullies pushing about, men ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the look-out, quacks (other quacks, plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at tinselled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folk are operating on their pockets behind. Yes, this Vanity Fair is not a moral place certainly, nor a merry one, though very noisy.

It is easy to note the differences between Thackeray's Vanity Fair and Mr. Huxley's. In the latter there is still eating in Soho, but the drinks are mixed. There is smoking, but the ladies do most of it. Dancing and fiddling have become jazz. Crime is more sophisticated. The police are still "on the lookout," but the protection of vested interests has been reënforced by a great fascist organization of the Brotherhood of British Freemen. The bucks do more than ogle the women; and what Thackeray prudishly called "making love and jilting," has become very specifically fornication and perversity.

"Point Counter Point" is the modern "Vanity Fair," and Mr. Huxley is the Thackeray *de nos jours*. Both are fundamentally satirists, and play with their characters in a spirit of mockery. Thackeray usually checked the impulse this side of caricature while Mr. Huxley lets it run. Major Pendennis is more real than life itself, while Mr. Huxley's old men, John Bidlake and Sidney Quarles, are considerably less so. Similarly Thackeray's Becky Sharp, the *arriviste*, is a finished portrait, while Mr. Huxley's Lady Edward Tantamount, who has arrived, is a poster lady. And in Burlap, Mr. Huxley has stood too near his model and set down something in malice. Both Thackeray and Mr. Huxley are masters of worldly wisdom. They know a great many things about a great many people, but Mr. Huxley is freer to communicate his knowledge. The peculiar attraction which a woman of doubtful reputation has for men, observed by Thackeray, is explained by his successor. "A bad reputation in a woman allures like the signs of heat in a bitch. Ill fame announces accessibility."

To neither author is Vanity Fair a moral place. Thackeray had, indeed, an honest code of Christian virtues, but he saw their inapplicability to the society wherein he lived. Indeed, the same charge that is made against Mr. Huxley was leveled at Thackeray, that he presented an ambiguous moral world. In both, virtues have always the defects of excess. Thackeray drew in Amelia Sedley an admirable little woman, whose love, first for her husband and afterwards for her son, defeats its object and becomes a bore. Mr. Huxley, in Marjorie Carling, pictures a woman who has sacrificed everything for her lover, and though she sees the fatal result, she cannot restrain herself from trading on her love and her dependence. Both show a kind of cynicism in marking down the virtues on the moral bargain counter. Thackeray applies the great Victorian test of a renunciation in Fanny Bolton, who nurses Pendennis in his illness, only to be trampled on by the virtuous ladies of his family; and gives him up not to die a nun but to find consolation in the arms of Samuel Huxter. Mr. Huxley saves Elinor Quarles from giving herself to a lover, only through the accident of the illness of her little son, but her virtue does not give life to the boy. And the same accident, by making Elinor miss her appointment, brings Everard Webley, the fascist leader, to his death—but the assassination is not a splendid revolutionary crime, but a mere murder for thrills.

Mr. Huxley, like Thackeray, is fond of having a novelist within his novel. From Philip Quarles' notes upon fiction we can understand his author's attitude toward his form.

> The musicalization of fiction. Not in the symbolist way, but subordinating sense to sound. But on a large scale, in the construction. . . . The modulations, not merely from one key to another, but from mood to mood. A theme is stated, then developed, pushed out of shape, imperceptibly deformed, until, though still recognizably the same, it has become quite different. . . . Get this into a novel. How? The abrupt transitions are easy enough. All you need is a sufficiency of characters, and parallel, contrapuntal plots. While

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> Jones is murdering a wife, Smith is wheeling a perambulator in the park. You alternate the themes. More interesting, the modulations and variations are more difficult. A novelist modulates by reduplicating situations and characters. He shows several people falling in love, or dying, or praying in different ways—dissimilars solving the same problem. Or, *vice versa,* similar people confronted with dissimilar problems. . . . Another way: The novelist can assume the god-like creative privilege and simply elect to consider the events of the story in their various aspects—emotional, scientific, economic, religious, metaphysical, etc. He will modulate from one to the other—as, from the esthetic to the physico-chemical aspect of things, from the religious to the physiological or financial. But perhaps this is a too tyrannical imposition of the author's will. Some people would think so. But need the author be so retiring? I think we're a bit too squeamish about these personal appearances nowadays.

There is a Thackerayan touch in the style of this (see Smith and Jones and their respective pastimes), and it is a fair description of Thackeray's structure. He would not, indeed, have thought of himself as "modulating from theme to theme," but this is in fact what he does, not as a musician but as a conversationalist. His "Vanity Fair" has been described as a long essay, animated by word pictures or occasional dramatic scenes. Both novelists present a vast inchoate world of events and opinions morally unorganized and socially corrupt. Thackeray, it is true, takes full advantage of his license to appear as showman, a liberty for which Mr. Huxley wistfully pleads but forgoes.

It might have been said in its own day that Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was the richest novel in substance and the most comprehensive that had appeared in English. The same thing might be said today of "Point Counter Point." It is rich in the experience of many characters, completely understood if not always completely realized. It is rich (and here it passes beyond "Vanity Fair") in the intellectual background furnished by science in two forms, the mechanics of life and knowledge of its biological and social processes, and by the arts, painting, music, poetry as well as the *ars amatoria.* It is rich in speculative ideas and points of view. Mr. Huxley has given a synthesis of modern culture, and has made it, if not always its exponents, alive. The reader is constantly surprised by the scope of his knowledge and the depth of his understanding, by the keenness of his intuitions and the soundness of his logic. Throughout the wide range and variation of scale and color and mood, in his rendering of action and thought, elevated or vulgar, tragic or obscene, he maintains a largeness of comprehension and a fine equilibrium of feeling that justifies the term, human comedy.

But the English tradition demands a comedian to give relief to his puppets of human futility. This Thackeray understood when he made himself the showman of "Vanity Fair." This Mr. Huxley understands when he makes Philip Quarles defend the personal appearance of the novelist, but is too self-conscious, in the presence of masterpieces of detachment, to play the part himself. Deprived of this, "Point Counter Point" seems hard, relentless. Yet we must remember that to Thackeray's contemporaries "Vanity Fair" seemed a cruel exposure of mankind, and what impressed them in its author was his cynicism, not his pity. Every age tends to see itself in the cold light of the evening of the world, after the golden morning and the silver afternoon. Perhaps to the next century Mr. Huxley's Georgian London will seem sweet and mellow and inviting.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Hyacinths and Biscuits

Good Morning, America, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 251 pages. $3.

NOT THE LEAST interesting section of Mr. Sandburg's most recent volume of poems is that devoted to "Tentative (First Model) Definitions of Poetry." There are thirty-eight tentative definitions in all, and if many of them are meaningless and some merely amusing, there still remain several that are quite definitive, if not of poetry in general, at least of their author's poetry. When Mr. Sandburg tells us that "Poetry is a theorem of a yellow silk handkerchief knotted with riddles, sealed in a balloon tied to the tail of a kite flying in a white wind against a blue sky in spring," or that "Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits," he may be talking rutabaga or maybe just plain turkey, but he is hardly talking sense. When, however, he tells us that "Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanation" and that "Poetry is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair in a deliberate prism of words," he is merely illuminating. For Mr. Sandburg has always had a touching weakness for explaining life, and almost always his explanations fade off into horizons too swift, and too indefinite, for explanation. At the same time he has succeeded in capturing many pictures, many songs, many flairs genuinely native to these states in deliberate, if somewhat clouded, prisms of words.

Mr. Sandburg has been practising the art of poetry now for at least thirteen years, taking 1915 and the appearance of "Chicago Poems" as an obviously late beginning. Thirteen years is a long time in the life of a poet, and staggering things have happened in our world since 1915. In the wake of years so heavily freighted one might reasonably expect to find certain definite elements of growth in a man's poetry. One might easily, however, exchange verses from "Smoke and Steel" and "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" with verses from "Good Morning, America," without any serious rent in the pattern. The only discrepancy that might be noted is a falling off in vigor. Mr. Sandburg is merely going a little weaker on the biscuits and a little stronger on the hyacinths.

To be sure, one does not expect of a poet the same quality of growth one expects of a eugenic baby, a growth to be measured by the month in pounds and inches. One does expect to find, however, a subtler awareness, a clearer grasp of values, a profounder explanation of life, if criticism is too much to ask of a contemporary poet. But one does not find these things any more in evidence in Mr. Sandburg's fourth book of poems than in his first. There are more pictures and more flairs and sometimes another song; there are still no values and no criticism.

Is it too much to ask values of our poets in a country where there are almost no critical values of poetry itself? Or, to amend Walt Whitman's dictum, to have great poets must we not have great critics, too? If Mr. Sandburg had had criticism all these years, instead of rhapsody and amused tolerance, could he still, in his fourth volume of poems, stoop to such clownishness as

> You don't seem to know four out of five
> have pyorrhea in Peoria

or rise to such eloquence as

> Let working clothes be sacred.

Could he still ask for "dreamy blue twilights—of winter

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evenings—to wrap us in a coat of dreaminess"? Could he still be playing on the same two worn-out stops of the wistful roughneck, the hard, hard guy, whose punch is all soft curves and no edge?

Mr. Sandburg discovered an attitude in "Chicago Poems" and is still doing it. Mr. Sherwood Anderson made a similar discovery about the same time and is still doing it. Other names could be mentioned. As long as there is no real progression but merely more of the same, as long as our mature writers are willing to drop their work where they found it, and our young writers seek only to discover an attitude of their own which shall be different, just so long shall we have more authors and more books, but certainly no literature. EDWIN SEAVER.

Elegant Essays

The Unintentional Charm of Men, by Frances Lester Warner. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 220 pages. $2.

Portage, Wisconsin, by Zona Gale. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 214 pages. $2.50.

The Fronded Isle, by E. V. Lucas. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 215 pages. $2.

A Rover I Would Be, by E. V. Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 196 pages. $2.

Too Many People, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 224 pages. $2.50.

IT MUST be from force of habit that publishers continue, in this dizzy day, to issue collections of essays—for surely no form is less appropriate to the age. "Feature articles"—or even series of articles—by sufficiently authoritative writers will still attract attention; but the elegant essay of Addisonian or Elian tradition is too debilitated by the mere passing of its days to stand alone in book form. It lounges gracefully enough in an Editor's Easy Chair, and from those (supposedly) luxurious depths can still sparkle effectively to an appreciative audience.

Frances Lester Warner has drawn many mirthful chuckles from readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the title she has chosen for the collection under consideration ("The Unintentional Charm of Men") is in her best vein. But after plunging enthusiastically into the subject with her, it is disappointing to find that she was merely going to say, in a variety of ways, that that's the only kind of charm men have—which, after all. . . . She is frequently piquante—in a nice way. There is nothing hilarious or surprising in her mild wit. It is rather a rich, smooth cream of jest in the Atlantic style. Its place is as inevitably as its subject should be, in the home.

Zona Gale—partly, perhaps, because she *is* treating of her special subject, literature, in most of these—takes the curse of decrepitude off the essay in "Portage, Wisconsin." The title-piece is a characteristically clear-sighted bit of description, while "Katytown in the Eighties" is a lucent crystal in the depths of which the little scene—a Chautauqua reading circle—comes alive with every detail of character and idiosyncrasy revealed. Two sketches of the author's parents are removed from the field of criticism by their extremely personal nature. The remaining essays deal with the practice and principles—or rather, the metaphysics—of literature. Here Miss Gale's penetration into dramatic values—her instinct for emotional implication—makes her analysis peculiarly significant. Herself an artist in "the isolating and interpreting of the material between the lines," Miss Gale supports her general theory with dazzling illustrations of literary method. Analogy in her hands becomes a well-nigh matchless weapon. She is irresistible in the use of specific instances. It is only when she mounts from concrete example to general esthetics that her literary philosophy thins to a transcendentalism all too ecstatic for sober taste—an esthetic mysticism verging upon the theosophical. The startled and uneasy reader feels that the Bragdons will surely get her if she doesn't watch out—but falls back upon the unfailing delight of her flashing discernment and flawless exposition.

E. V. Lucas ruminates pleasantly about Jamaica ("The Fronded Isle") and reminisces over French and English scenes ("A Rover I Would Be") in the classic, affable, easy-chair manner. Somewhat more vivacious is Mr. Priestley ("Too Many People"), in his personal reflections of intimate commonplaces in "gentle" English life. These essays have the tone of letters to the most congenial of friends—those to whom one writes of ideas or fancies rather than of facts or occurrences. Reflective, humorous or gracefully petulant, "agreeable writing" might describe the entire lot, were it not for the gleaming exception of "First Snow"—which transmits the acute perception and excitement of beauty as only a work of art can do. But for this one clear, delicate note the colloquy is as ineffectual in the clamor of contemporary expression as a "modulated voice" in a stadium cheering-section. It is probably our loss, who occupy bleachers rather than easy-chairs. But to the modern ear the very term "belles lettres" is unfamiliar, and it must, perhaps, be admitted that "growing old gracefully" is all that can now be hoped for the once dashing and elegant essay. D. B. WOOLSEY.

The Feathered Nest, by Margaret Leech. New York: Horace B. Liveright. $2.50.

MISS LEECH has made a novel out of the tragedy which comes to women of middle age who are primarily mothers and only incidentally anything else. Isabelle Forster felt no particular loss when her husband died, but when her sons came to maturity and she discovered that they resented being considered mere projections of herself, she resorted to a sadistic niggardliness about money to keep them dependent upon her. Psychologically the book is sound. As fiction, however, the theme cannot be anything but unpleasant. M. E. U.

Contributors

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NEXT WEEK: THE CHRISTMAS BOOK SECTION

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